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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending December 11, 1973

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE — Gary Glitter (Bell)
4	2	YOU WON'T FIND ANOTHER FOOL LIKE ME — New Seekers (Polydor)
3	3	MY COO-CA-CHOO — Alvin Stardust —Magnet)
2	4	PAPER ROSES — Marie Osmond (MGM)
–	5	MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY — Slade (Polydor)
6	6	LAMPLIGHT — David Essex (CBS)
–	7	I WISH IT COULD BE CHRISTMAS EVERYDAY Wizzard (Harvest)
9	8	ROLL AWAY THE STONE — Mott The Hoople (CBS
11	9	STREET LIFE — Roxy Music (Island)
5	10	WHY OH WHY OH WHY — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending December 11, 1968

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	LILY THE PINK — Scaffold (Parlophone)
2	2	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY.. Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
7	3	ONE TWO THREE O'LEARY — Des O'Connor (Columbia)
10	4	BUILD ME UP BUTTERCUP — Foundations (Pye)
6	5	AIN'T GOT NO — I GOT LIFE — Nina Simone (RCA)
5	6	BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE — Bandwagon (Direction)
8	7	I'M A TIGER — Lulu (Columbia)
4	8	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE — Isley Brothers (Tamla Motown)
12	9	MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DREAM WITH YOU — Malcolm Roberts (Major Minor)
3	10	ELOISE — Barry Ryan (MGM)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 13, 1963

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND — Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	SHE LOVES YOU — Beatles (Parlophone)
4	3	SECRET LOVE — Kathy Kirby (Decca)
4	4	YOU WERE MADE FOR ME — Freddie and the Dreamers (Columbia)
9	5	GLAD ALL OVER — Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
3	6	DON'T TALK TO HIM — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10	7	I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU — Dusty Springfield (Philips)
7	8	MARIA ELENA — Los Indios Tabajaras (RCA)
13	9	DOMINIQUE — Singing Nun (Philips)
18	10	TWENTY FOUR HOURS FROM TULSA Gene Pitney (United Artists)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending December 16, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	MARY'S BOY CHILD — Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	3	1
2	(1)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY — Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	1
3	(5)	A TASTE OF AGGRO — Barron Knights (Epic)	2	3
4	(8)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN — Bee Gees (RSO)	3	4
5	(13)	Y.M.C.A. — Village People (Mercury)	3	5
6	(7)	I LOST MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER — Sarah Brightman & Hot Gossip (Ariola Hansa)	4	6
7	(12)	ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS — Heatwave (GTO)	6	7
8	(10)	LE FREAK — Chic (Atlantic)	4	8
9	(3)	RAT TRAP — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	9	1
10	(26)	IN THE BUSH — Musique (CBS)	4	10
11	(—)	LAY YOUR LOVE ON ME — Racey (RAK)	1	11
12	(4)	HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE — Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	4
13	(18)	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD — Elkie Brooks (A & M)	3	13
14	(23)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS — Barbra Streisand & Neil Diamond (CBS)	2	14
15	(14)	MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL — Cars (Elektra)	5	5
16	(16)	GREASED LIGHTNING — John Travolta (Midsong)	3	16
17	(28)	SONG FOR GUY — Elton John (Rocket)	2	17
18	(17)	TOMMY GUN — Clash (CBS)	2	17
19	(25)	DON'T LET IT FADE AWAY — Darts (Magnet)	4	18
20	(15)	DARLIN' — Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	9	4
21	(—)	RAINING IN MY HEART — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	21
21	(9)	PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	6	5
23	(19)	BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS — Queen (EMI)	7	12
24	(6)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU — Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	7	2
25	(—)	HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK — Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	1	25
26	(24)	I'M EVERY WOMAN — Chaka Khan (Warner Bros)	2	24
27	(21)	PART TIME LOVE — Elton John (Rocket)	5	14
28	(11)	INSTANT REPLAY — Dan Hartman (Blue Sky)	8	3
29	(29)	I'LL PUT YOU TOGETHER AGAIN — Hot Chocolate (RAK)	2	29
30	(30)	DR WHO — Mankind (Pinnacle)	2	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

E.L.O. E.P. — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet); MY LIFE — Billy Joel (CBS); CHRISTMAS IN SMURFLAND — Father Abraham (Decca); ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE — Funkadelic (Warner Bros).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending December 16, 1978

This Week	Last Week	
1	(12)	LE FREAK — Chic
2	(2)	I JUST WANNA STOP — Gino Vannelli
3	(1)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS — Barbra & Neil
4	(4)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER — Dr Hook
5	(7)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN — Bee Gees
6	(6)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND) — Alicia Bridges
7	(10)	MY LIFE — Billy Joel
8	(8)	(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY — Andy Gibb
9	(5)	MACARTHUR PARK — Donna Summer
10	(14)	HOLD THE LINE — Toto
11	(11)	STRANGE WAY — Firefall
12	(16)	Y.M.C.A. — Village People
13	(3)	HOW MUCH I FEEL — Ambrosia
14	(19)	OOH BABY BABY — Linda Ronstadt
15	(15)	SWEET LIFE — Paul Davis
16	(9)	TIME PASSAGES — Al Stewart
17	(22)	PART TIME LOVE — Elton John
18	(24)	PROMISES — Eric Clapton
19	(20)	CHANGE OF HEART — Eric Carmen
20	(25)	I'M EVERY WOMAN — Chaka Khan
21	(23)	HOW YOU GONNA SEE ME NOW — Alice Cooper
22	(26)	WE'VE GOT TONITE — Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
23	(13)	ALIVE AGAIN — Chicago
24	(28)	BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS Queen
25	(—)	SEPTEMBER — Earth Wind & Fire
26	(18)	STRAIGHT ON — Heart
27	(—)	INSTANT REPLAY — Dan Hartman
28	(—)	NEW YORK GROOVE — Ace Frehley
29	(—)	EVERYONE'S A WINNER — Hot Chocolate
30	(17)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY — Nick Gilder

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending December 16, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS — Neil Diamond (MCA)	5	1
2	(7)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN — Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	2
3	(2)	GREASE — Original Soundtrack (RSO)	23	1
4	(3)	THE SINGLES 1974-1978 — Carpenters (A & M)	3	3
5	(13)	A SINGLE MAN — Elton John (Rocket)	7	5
6	(5)	MIDNIGHT HUSTLE — Various (K-Tel)	3	5
7	(4)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS — Boney M (Int Hansa)	22	1
7	(10)	EMOTIONS — Various (K-Tel)	7	2
9	(6)	JAZZ — Queen (EMI)	5	6
10	(8)	THE AMAZING DARTS — Darts (Magnet)	6	8
11	(23)	SHOWADDYWADDY'S 1976 GREATEST HITS 1978 — (Arista)	2	11
12	(16)	EVERGREEN — Acker Bilk (Warwick)	4	12
13	(12)	LIONHEART — Kate Bush (EMI)	4	12
14	(11)	GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE — Clash (CBS)	4	3
15	(17)	WAR OF THE WORLDS — Jeff Wayne (CBS)	24	2
16	(29)	MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE — Manhattan Transfer (WEA)	7	10
17	(25)	SMURFS IN SMURFLAND — Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)	2	17
18	(—)	NIGHT GALLERY — Barron Knights (Epic)	1	18
19	(15)	THAT'S LIFE — Sham 69 (Polydor)	3	15
20	(14)	IMAGES — Don Williams (K-Tel)	20	2
21	(22)	GREATEST HITS — Commodores (Motown)	2	21
22	(9)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	18	4
23	(20)	THE SCREAM — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	20
24	(27)	DON'T WALK BOOGIE — Various (EMI)	4	24
25	(—)	BACKLESS — Eric Clapton (RSO)	1	25
26	(18)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	52	3
27	(26)	ALL MOD CONS — Jam (Polydor)	6	3
28	(—)	GERM FREE ADOLESCENTS — X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	1	28
29	(—)	DOLLY PARTON — Dolly Parton (Lotus)	1	29
30	(19)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT — Status Quo (Phonogram)	7	3

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

INCANTATIONS — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet); 52nd STREET — Billy Joel (CBS); STEELY DAN GREATEST HITS — Steely Dan (ABC); TOTALLY HOT — Olivia Newton-John (EMI).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending December 16, 1978

This Week	Last Week	
1	(1)	52nd STREET — Billy Joel
2	(2)	A WILD & CRAZY GUY — Steve Martin
3	(8)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2
4	(3)	LIVE AND MORE — Donna Summer
5	(6)	GREASE — Various Artists
6	(16)	GREATEST HITS — Barry Manilow
7	(4)	DOUBLE VISION — Foreigner
8	(17)	BACKLESS — Eric Clapton
9	(5)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A. — Linda Ronstadt
10	(12)	LIVE BOOTLEG — Aerosmith
11	(20)	JAZZ — Queen
12	(11)	SOME GIRLS — Rolling Stones
13	(14)	WEEKEND WARRIORS — Ted Nugent
14	(10)	PIECES OF EIGHT — Styx
15	(—)	C'EST CHIC — Chic
16	(27)	THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1
17	(7)	TIME PASSAGES — Al Stewart
18	(19)	CRUISIN' — Village People
19	(21)	GREATEST HITS — Steely Dan
20	(18)	CHAKA — Chaka Khan
21	(9)	BROTHER TO BROTHER — Gino Vannelli
22	(23)	ELAN — Firefall
23	(25)	TWO FOR THE SHOW — Kansas
24	(13)	A SINGLE MAN — Elton John
25	(—)	TOTO — Toto
26	(21)	THE STRANGER — Billy Joel
27	(15)	DON'T LOOK BACK — Boston
28	(22)	COMES A TIME — Neil Young
29	(30)	ACE FREHLEY
30	(—)	GREATEST HITS 1974-1978 — Steve Miller Band

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

PETER GABRIEL (left) and TOM ROBINSON exchange gear to prove they're in this thing together!

Gabriel and Robinson co-head Xmas benefit

PETER GABRIEL and TOM ROBINSON are to co-headline a special Christmas benefit show at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, December 24. They call it their Charity Party, and a feature of the event is that both Gabriel and Robinson are appearing without their regular bands — but with a number of big-name guests.

Tickets for the Christmas Eve show all cost £2, and are restricted to two per applicant. They are on sale now, but are available only from either of the Harvey Goldsmith Box offices — c/o Chappells, 50 New Bond Street; and at Great Gear Market, 85 Kings Road, Chelsea. They can be obtained only by personal application at these outlets and not from the Hammersmith box office.

All profits from the show are being divided equally between One-Parent Families (which represents Gabriel's half of the proceeds) and the Northern Ireland Gay Rights Association (which doesn't!).

Prior to this gig, Gabriel — as previously reported — headlines four orthodox concerts at Hammersmith with his own band (December 20-23) and these are now all sold out, although some standing room will be available on the nights. He is currently on tour in Europe.

AND MORE HOLIDAY SPECIALS

10cc set; Rod & Lindisfarne add

IT IS NOW officially confirmed that 10cc will headline a one-off Christmas concert at the Wembley Conference Centre in North London on Friday, December 22, as exclusively forecast by NME last week. And as we reported, it's being filmed by BBC-2 for screening as their Christmas Eve "Old Grey Whistle Test" special (10.50pm).

Tickets for the concert, which is promoted by Kennedy Street Enterprises, are all at the one price of £4. They've available at the Wembley box-office on a first-come first-served basis. Or if you want to risk the Christmas mail, you can apply by post to the Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middlesex, HA9 0DW, making cheques and POs payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd" and enclosing sae.

The band will be featuring their new single "Reds In My Bed", just released by Phonogram and — like their No 1 hit "Dreadlock Holiday" — taken from their LP "Bloody Tourists" which has now gone Gold in eight different countries. Another track from the album "For You And I" is included in the soundtrack of the new John Travolta movie "Moment By Moment", to be premiered in America on December 20.

Since touring Britain in September, 10cc have toured the US and Canada extensively. This week they're in Warsaw filming a Polish-TV special, which will eventually be released worldwide. New Year plans include their second tour of Australia and Japan, with British dates likely in the spring.

ROD STEWART has added yet another London concert to his tour schedule — at Olympia on Saturday, December 30. This makes a total of seven appearances in the capital — six at Olympia (three before Christmas and three after), plus his New Year's Eve party at Lyceum Ballroom.

In view of abnormally heavy ticket demand, the extra gig is already close to a sell-out as the result of applications carried forward from the previous five nights. At press-time only £6 tickets, and a handful at £3, were available — and these were being restricted to six per applicant.

LINDISFARNE — who, for the third year running, are playing a string of hometown Christmas concerts at Newcastle City Hall — have also been inundated with ticket applications. So they've added a record fifth night on Tuesday next, December 19, in addition to the four already sold out (December 20-23).

STEVE GIBBONS BAND, already set for a seasonal hometown concert at Birmingham Odeon on December 23, are also playing two specials in London — at the Marquee Club on December 20 and 21.

THE SMIRKS have put back their Christmas show at London Kensington Nashville by 24 hours — from tomorrow (Friday) to Saturday. Everyone wearing a "Smirks Against Travolta" badge will be admitted free, otherwise entry is 50p. Support act is Gaffa.

GONG have also moved their Christmas Party, reported last week as tomorrow (Friday) at London's Electric Ballroom in Camden Town. It's now next Tuesday (19).

ELECTRIC BALLROOM in Camden Town now have a Christmas line-up comprising The Greedy Bastards (this Saturday), Eddie & The Hot Rods (Sunday), Gong (19), Generation X (20), The Doomed (originally set for 21 but now moved to 23), The Fall and Subway Sect and Fashion (28), Squeeze (29) and The London R & B Allstars (30). Attractions for December 21 and 22, as well as details of a special New Year's Eve show, have still to be announced.

● At press-time, it was learned that the GLC has issued instructions about reducing the noise level at the Electric Ballroom. The management hope to comply — but failing that, some of these gigs could be in jeopardy.

MOLINARE LTD

On page 15 of last week's issue we printed an article about pirate tapes. We inadvertently illustrated the story with a cassette made by Molinare Ltd. We wish to make clear that the Molinare cassette was in fact a 30-second radio commercial made by Molinare Ltd for the NME and not a pirated copy. Molinare Ltd are well known in the trade for their radio and television studios. We did not intend to imply that they were connected in any way, or have ever been connected in any way, with illegal recordings — and wish to proffer to them our apologies for any embarrassment which might have been caused to them.

Rats' second at Rainbow

THE BOOMTOWN RATS, who have been playing to capacity business on their "Seasonal Turkey Tour", have added another London date at short notice. They topped at Hammersmith Odeon last week, and a fortnight ago slotted in an appearance at the Rainbow Theatre (tomorrow, Friday) which quickly sold out. Now they've added a second show at the Rainbow tonight (Thursday) — and in view of the last-minute nature of the booking, it's expected that some tickets will still be available on the doors. Prices are £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and the support act is again The Vipers. Promoters are Straight Music.

● **Rats are best-selling new-wave act of the year. See page 5.**

YOUR NME

If, when you scan through this week's issue, you spot the odd spelling error or inaccuracy — please don't blame us! NME has again been affected by a printing dispute which doesn't involve us — but nevertheless, we are caught in the crossfire. We've tried to maintain normal service, but please bear with us if our high standard has been impaired in any way.

NEWS

MOVE OVER, NASTASE . . .

Centre Court gig by Queen?

QUEEN are negotiating the prospects of staging an open-air concert this summer on the Centre Court at Wimbledon! This is, of course, the home of British lawn tennis — and the venue for the world's most renowned tennis championships. The Centre Court has a 15,000 capacity, and preliminary discussions with the Lawn Tennis Association suggest they are very interested in the idea.

Although there are many courts in the Wimbledon complex in South London, the Centre Court itself is used only two weeks every year (late June and early July) for the annual championships, and stands idle for the rest of the year. The plan is for the Queen gig to follow soon after the championships, and before the groundsmen start repairing the turf for the following year's event.

Meanwhile, Queen begin an extensive tour of Europe on January 17 in Germany. They also visit Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Spain and France before returning to Britain in early March.

NEWS WAVES

New-look Voidoids

RICHARD HELL & The Voidoids — who guest with Elvis Costello in his week-long season at London Dominion Theatre starting next Monday, and subsequently tour Britain with him — have now returned to the wing of Jake Riviera, after being unceremoniously dropped by Sire Records. This means they'll have a new single out in January on Radar Records — produced by Nick Lowe in New York last month, it couples "The Kid With the Replaceable Head" and "I'm Your Man". The re-shaped Voidoids line-up now features former guitarists Robert Quine and Ivan Julian, plus new members Jerry Antonius (bass) and drummer Frank Mauro, replacing Marc Bell who joined The Ramones earlier in the year.

Clash ticket details

THE CLASH have now confirmed booking arrangements for their two gigs immediately after Christmas at London Strand Lyceum on Thursday and Friday, December 28 and 29, reported last week. All tickets are at the one price of £2.50 and are available now from the Lyceum box-office and selected agencies. In view of the expected heavy advance demand, it's unlikely that any tickets will remain for sale on the doors. As already announced, these two shows follow the band's Sid Vicious benefit concert at London Camden Music Machine next Tuesday (19).

DAVID JOHANSEN Group — who fly back into Britain this week, after completing commitments in Europe, to headline at London Lyceum this Sunday (17) — have now set antoher two dates before they return to America. They are at Scarborough Penthouse (tomorrow, Friday) and Birmingham Barbarella's (Saturday),

PATRIK FITZGERALD has pulled out of the December dates in the Here & Now free tour. The reason is that, after touring extensively with The Jam in November, he now wants to concentrate on recording a single and album for Polydor release in the New Year. He'll then start touring in his own right.

IAN DURY turns philosopher and interviewer in a BBC-2 documentary called "No Trouble" to be screened on Thursday, December 21. Filmed in Northern Ireland, it's a mixture of Dury's impressions of Ulster and the opinions of local young people. It was produced during his visit to Belfast to record a "Rock Goes To College" show for New Year transmission.

CHELSEA have been forced to delay their debut U.S. visit until January, due to a minor problem with one of their road crew's visa. Instead, they support Generation X at London's Electric Ballroom on December 20, and are spending the rest of the month recording. The band have acquired a new drummer in 19-year-old Chris Bashford — he takes over from Steve J Jones, who quit last month to join Hi-Fi.

STRAIGHT 8, whose debut single "Modern Times" has just been issued on Pete Townshend's Eel Pie label play London gigs this month at Chiswick Hounslow College (tomorrow, Friday), Camden Music Machine (18), Hammersmith Swan (21) and Fulham Golden Lion (27). They also visit Stevenage Swan on December 20.

SHAM 69's benefit concert at London Rainbow on December 27, on behalf of One-Parent Families, has again been affected by changes in the support bill. The new — and, we're assured, final — line-up comprises Sham, Merger, The Records, The Invaders and Johnny Rubbish.

MUSIC BY POST

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Beach Boys, Eagles & Dead being set for spring tours

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

Eagles' JOE WALSH

THE BEACH BOYS and The Grateful Dead head a formidable list of top American acts currently being lined up for spring visits to this country, according to reports this week from the States — although no official word is yet forthcoming from British sources. This is the latest run-down of projected U.S. visitors:

The Beach Boys originally promised to perform here this year, following the last-minute cancellation of their projected open-air concerts in 1977. These were called off ostensibly because they felt they hadn't had enough time to prepare for such prestige engagements. It's understood that spring dates are now being pencilled in for them, and this time they're likely to be in conventional indoor venues.

The Eagles, now featuring Joe Walsh in their line-up, also failed to show this year — mainly due to heavy U.S. commitments. But they're now putting the finishing touches to their new album in Miami, and they told our correspondent that they're planning a series of major dates in the spring, to tie in with LP's release.

The Grateful Dead are now expected to come to Britain in April, to compensate for opting out of their early autumn concerts at London Rainbow, when they were due to have stopped off here on the way home from their gala concerts in Egypt. The live album they recorded during those Egyptian gigs is already scheduled for April release, and the Dead want to time their visit to promote it.

Bruce Springsteen, announced in other sections of the music Press as a likely visitor in January or February, won't now be coming until the spring — and that's official. According to his management, they have set aside a period in April for British dates.

Meat Loaf, another artist to have pulled out of a proposed British tour this autumn (though, in his case, no tickets had been sold prior to cancellation), is currently being negotiated for a string of major concerts in late winter or early spring.

Fleetwood Mac, who dropped the idea of playing autumn dates here after their suggested visit to the Soviet Union, which was to have been part of the same trip, fell through — now plan to come over in the spring, probably to play several nights at Wembley.

● And it's learned that among other attractions being lined up for U.K. appearances during the second quarter of 1979 are **Little Feat, Boz Scaggs, Ted Nugent** and **Steely Dan.**

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New Year concerts planned by Moodies

THE MOODY BLUES finished their reunion tour of the United States on Tuesday of this week, when they played to a capacity house at the 22,000-seater Los Angeles Forum. They've been doing similar sell-out business throughout America and have obviously delighted their fans — although, as their spokesman admitted, "the critics have been taking their usual swipe at them"!

It had been hoped to fit in a major British date around the Christmas period, but the plan was abandoned because they couldn't find a suitable venue that hadn't already been booked. They were offered a date at London Olympia immediately after Rod Stewart's string of gigs there, when it would still have been set up to accommodate a rock concert, but apparently they weren't happy about the idea of playing there.

But the Moodies are now expected to undertake a full British tour in the New Year. No details are yet available, because they were waiting for the U.S. tour to end before getting down to discussions, but they're hoping to sort it out over Christmas. Meanwhile, new member Patrick Moraz will have a new solo album issued by Charisma in a few weeks' time.

BURL IVES PLAYS 30 BIG DATES IN SPRING

BURL IVES returns to Britain in March to headline his full concert tour here for 26 years! He'll be playing over 30 major dates throughout the country, running into May. Details of his itinerary are still being finalised, but it's already known that he'll be appearing at London's Royal Festival Hall on Easter Monday, April 16. In addition to his dates on the theatre circuit, he'll also be singing in one of our most famous cathedrals, giving special performances at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and appearing on TV. To coincide with his visit, CBS Embassy will issue his album of Dylan songs "The Times They Are A-Changin'", while MCA will release the two-LP set "The Best Of Burl Ives".

Scene Stealer look good for breakthrough in 1979

FOLLOWING the suggestion two weeks ago that Writz might be a band to watch in 1979, five-piece Corby-based outfit Scene Stealer step into the limelight as another potential success story for next year. They've already built up a considerable reputation in Europe, where their debut album "First Offence" is selling strongly, and they recently signed a long-term U.K. deal with Rebel Records.

The LP was due for release here this month, but owing to manufacturing problems at the factory, it's now been delayed until mid-January when it will coincide with their first single "Ballerina". Meanwhile, copies of the album are being imported from the Continent to catch the Christmas market.

Currently touring Ireland, including gigs at Belfast The Pound this Friday and Saturday, the band return to play Corby Civic Hall (December 20), Rotherham College (27), Kettering George Club (29) and Tonypandy Naval Club (January 1). After playing gigs in Holland and Belgium, they open an extensive two-month British tour at Hatfield Polytehnic (January 12) and Durham New College (16).

MILES PLANS MARCH TREK

JOHN MILES has been out of the public eye for much of this year — apart from a few college gigs early on, and his recent appearance in the Great British Music Festival at Wembley. But he's now busy recording with Alan Parsons in the South of France, and the first outcome will be a new single in January. Work on his new album is almost complete, and this will be issued in March to coincide with a comprehensive British tour.

KENNY STAYS, AS WHO PLAN LIVE RETURN

IT NOW SEEMS virtually certain that ex-Faces and Small Faces drummer Kenny Jones will remain with The Who in the foreseeable future. He's been working with them on the soundtrack of their film "Quadrophenia", but this was originally said to be a temporary measure. However, a spokesman said this week that they are now considering "re-activating their group concept" in the New Year, and it was expected that Jones would continue to work with them.

The so-called "group concept" means, in effect, a return to normal band work — as opposed to their 1978 behind-the-scenes operations. The first move will be to record a new single, probably in January — and it's understood that Pete Townshend is already talking about live performances to follow.

Said the spokesman: "When The Who return to the stage, it will almost certainly be with a new augmented line-up, adding keyboards and one other instrument. And their music is also likely to be different from what their followers have come to expect. We think that Kenny Jones will be a part of this new set-up, though in his own right, and not as a replacement for Keith Moon. After all, Kenny has a pedigree of his own."

The Who, together with Jones and keyboards man Rabbit, are at present in their Ramport Studios putting the finishing touches to four new songs — for inclusion in "Quadrophenia". The film itself has now finished shooting and, after editing, is expected to be premiered in the summer. This will coincide with the release of a soundtrack LP, including the four new numbers.

KENNY JONES

The other Who film project "The Kids Are Alright" is now in final editing stages, and Townshend recently returned from the States after putting the last touches to the sound. Director Jeff Stein arrives back in Britain after Christmas, hopefully with the finished film, which is now planned for March release — with a double soundtrack album to coincide.

● The late Keith Moon's four-part radio series "The Moon Tapes", originally broadcast in 1973 in "Sounds Of The Seventies", is to be repeated by Radio 1 starting on Boxing Day at 6.30 pm. The BBC say this is due largely to public demand.

ELTON BACK ON THE ROAD

NEWS BRIEFS

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias don't rate Manchester as one of their favourite cities! They were booked for a concert at the Apollo this Saturday (16), but it was subsequently scrapped for some obscure reason — so they switched to the city's Polytechnic the same night, but that gig has now also been cancelled. But they have slotted in a new date at Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic tomorrow (Friday).

THE JERKS are playing a few gigs to promote their new single "Cool", just released by Lightning Records. The Leeds-based band visit Manchester Russell Club (tonight, Thursday), Manchester The Squat (Friday), London Woolwich Tramshed (December 19), London Fulham Golden Lion (21) and Watford Red Lion (22),

ROKOTTO see the year out with gigs at Leeds University (tonight, Thursday), Wolverhampton Tube Investment Club (Friday), Cardiff RAF St. Athan (19), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (20), Portsmouth Victory Club (21), Exeter Tiffany's (22), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (23), Cardiff Top Rank (24) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (29).

CHAMPION, the band featuring former Humble Pie stalwart Clem Clempson, are playing just two selected dates before Christmas — at Basildon Double Six Club (December 22) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (23).

CIMARONS, who pulled out of the last few dates of Sham 69's "Guy Fawkes Memory" tour following hassles with bouncers during one of the gigs, have now landed their own London concert. It's a special Christmas reggae show at the New Roxy Theatre in Harlesden on Friday, December 22, and other acts on the bill are Aswad and 15-16-17.

JOE JACKSON, described as "the first true purveyor of Spiv Rock", headlines seven gigs during the Christmas period — at Retford Porterhouse (tomorrow, Friday), Gosport John Peel (Saturday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (December 20), High Wycombe Nags Head (21), Norwich Boogie House (22), London Kensington Nashville (23) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (29). His debut album is scheduled for January release by A&M, titled "Look Sharp."

JIMMY CLIFF LONDON DATE

JIMMY CLIFF flies into London next month to play a one-off concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on January 23. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50 and £2. He's bringing along his regular backing band — including renowned guitarist Ernest Ranglin — who are also featured on his new Warner Brothers album "Give Thanx." A new single titled "Stand Up And Fight Back" will be issued on January 21, to tie in with his solitary British gig, which is part of a hectic European tour.

QUO TO STAY HERE IN '79

STATUS QUO — who've been seen on a British stage only once this year, at the Reading Festival in late August — intend to make amends in 1979. Apart from their brief return for the Reading event, the band have spent virtually the whole year out of the country. But they'll be back in January to base themselves in Britain once again. And they are planning a nation-wide tour in the spring which, said a spokesman, will be very extensive "to make up for lost time".

ELTON JOHN comes out of retirement in the late winter, to no-one's real surprise, and goes back on the road to headline an extensive British and European concert tour — almost a year since he announced that he was giving up live performances and would never appear on stage again!

He'll be touring from February through until May, playing major European cities, a string of provincial dates around Britain and a series of concerts in London. Dates and venues have not yet been finalised, but promoter Harvey Goldsmith and Elton's manager John Reid expect to announce them shortly. But it's understood that all gigs will be at smaller venues of about 2,000 capacity, and not at the large arenas Elton has favoured in the past.

A feature of the tour is that it will be virtually a solo venture. Elton is not forming a band to go on the road, but will instead appear solo at the piano, accompanied only by percussionist Ray Cooper.

Reason for Elton's decision to return to live gigs, having concentrated for the past few months on recording and his chairmanship of Watford F.C. is quite simply that he misses performing in public. Said a spokesman: "As an artist, it's something he feels he must do. It certainly has nothing to do with money!"

OFF THE RECORD

1978 CHART POINTS TABLES

Rats: champions of new-wavers

THE BOOMTOWN RATS have the distinction of being, in terms of chart placings throughout the year, the top British new-wave record sellers of 1978 — both in singles and albums!

This is apparent from the NME Chart Points Tables, which are compiled annually and based upon the weekly Top Thirty listings, with points awarded according to chart positions — 30 points for a No.1 placing, 29 points for a No.2, and so on down to one point for a No.30.

Although there is still another week to go before the 1978 tables are completed, it is already obvious that the Rats' "Tonic For The Troops" will finish at No. 7 in the list of best-selling albums of the year, closely followed at No.8 by Ian Dury's "New Boots And Panties".

And in the singles tables, the Rats will finish at either No.5 or No.6 — at the moment they are neck-and-neck with America's Blondie, and it's impossible to say who will occupy these two positions until the final week's points are awarded. Either way, it's a remarkable double achievement by the Rats!

The top album of the year has already emerged as the "Saturday Night Fever" soundtrack set, but the title of best-selling singles act is a close-fought contest between Boney M and John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John — with Boney M as the clear favourites, now that their Christmas single is selling so strongly.

● **Kansas** have their live double album "Two For The Show", recorded during their world tour earlier in 1978, released through CBS on January 19. It's dedicated to one of their loyal fans who, on his way home from a Kansas concert, was blinded in a road accident.

● **Iggy Pop** has signed his publishing company James Osterberg Music to an exclusive deal with Virgin Music. As well as future material, the deal covers songs from the albums "The Idiot", "TV Eye" and "Lust For Life". Iggy is currently working on a new album in Berlin, where he now lives.

● Still with CBS, February 9 is now the revised release date for the much-delayed album **"Cafe Jacques"** International, and London-based band **Grand Hotel** have their debut LP "Do Not Disturb" issued the same day. A single due from CBS on December 29 is **Barbara Dickson's** "Fallen Angel", which is self-penned and not the same song as Franki Valli's hit.

● **Valerie Carter** has her second CBS album set for release on January 19. Title is "Wild Child".

● **Led Zeppelin** finished recording their new album in Sweden last week, though it still has to be mixed. And **Bad Company** have completed their new LP for release early in the New Year, their first on the Swan Song label. But there is still no official word on live appearances by either band.

● **The Rolling Stones'** next single, planned for January release, is expected to be "Beast Of Burden". It has already reached No 5 in America, and is another track from their "Some Girls" album.

Free Stiff deletions

STIFF RECORDS have come up with a special offer, under which every purchaser of a recently-released Stiff album will receive a deleted Stiff LP free of charge. Buyers will have the choice of four free albums — "Music For Pleasure" by The Damned, "Wreckless Eric", "Hits Greatest Stiffs" and "Mickey Jupp's Legend". And with Stiff albums now costing £3.99, the hand-out represents quite a bonus! The offer also extends to Stiff singles — buy two and get a deleted single free. The offer continues for as long as stocks last.

Early Gram tracks set

EARLY Gram Parsons material, dating back to his first professional gigs on the college and coffee-house circuit in the mid-60's, is being made available in Britain next year by Sierra/Briar Records under an agreement reached with the executors of his estate. Initial release will be "Gram Parsons — The Folk Years, Volume 1", featuring him with the band he was fronting at the time, The Shilos. Packaged in the LP will be a booklet of rare photographs and un-released poetry and songs, plus comprehensive notes.

● **Boney M's** current single "Mary's Boy Child / Oh My Lord" passed the million mark in British sales last Friday — exactly two weeks after the date of release. WEA claim this as an all-time record for this country.

● **"Phil Spector's** Christmas Album" is reissued yet again this month, and additionally this year Polydor are putting out a three-track single extracted from the LP — comprising "White Christmas" by **Darlene Love,** "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town" by **The Crystals** and "Frosty The Snowman" by **The Ronettes.**

● Following the release of his new "Equinoxe" album, **Jean Michel Jarre** has a single cut on Polydor on December 29 featuring "Equinoxe Part 5" and "Equinoxe Part 1". The Latter track has been edited to just over two minutes to accommodate Jarre's signature, which has been imprinted on to the record.

● Also from CBS on January 19 is **Phoebe Snow's** fifth album "Against The Grain", produced by Phil Ramone. It includes her current single, Paul McCartney's "Every Night", which is receiving near-saturation airplay.

● **The Rubinoos'** new single "Falling In Love", which they're previewing on the current British tour, is finally set for release by Beserkley on December 29. It was originally intended to issue it to tie in with the tour.

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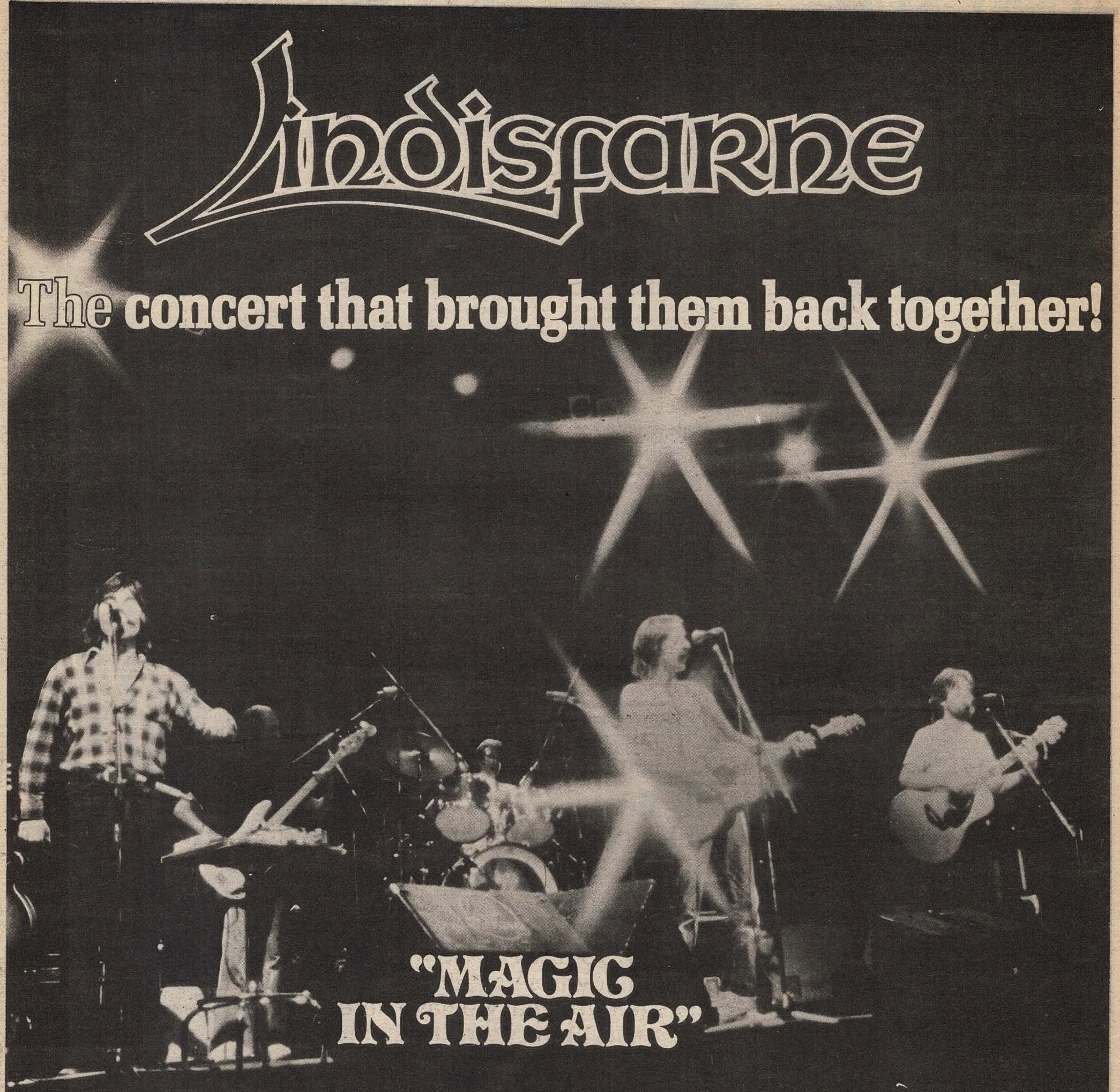

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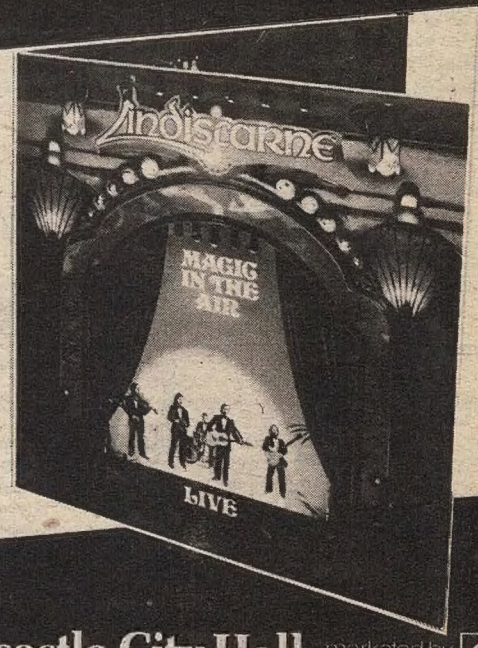

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ROBERT CALVERT Pic: PENNIE SMITH

LEISURE-WEAR OF THE TIMELORDS

Actually, BOB CALVERT'S mystic dressing gown is not what this feature's about: what we have here is an appraisal of the new Hawkwind, sorry, HAWKLORDS by ANDY GILL

IF YOU think that five hours of buffetless British Rail to Folkestone may perhaps not be the best entree to a two-hour course of Hawklords, you're perfectly correct.

Climbing the several-hundred stone steps set in clear cliff face from seafront to centre of nightly activity didn't help, either.

Out-of-season Folkestone has the air of the necropolis: dark, cold, empty, the false promise of seaside follies and deserted crazy-golf courses exposed to the elements.

I feel like Jack Nicholson in *The King Of Marvin Gardens*, and wonder, what does Reginald Dixon *do* in the winter? Head for the Azores or hibernate?

It certainly seems there's pitifully little for "young folk" to do in such places at the best of times: a glance at the "forthcoming attractions" posters at the Leas Cliff Hall indicates that tourist-orientated entertainment rules even out of season, O.K.?

Peters and Lee, Tom O'Connor, and . . . what's this? For a magical split-second, I thought the poster read "The Dead Girls Pipers Band"!

No such luck. It's the *Deal* Girls Pipers Band.

Should have known better, I suppose.

The Leas Cliff Hall's a perfect piece of seaside-show architecture: balustraded balconies, bar big enough to house maybe a pair of paralysed polecats (at a pinch).

There's a distinct lack of violence in the atmosphere, which, given the diversity of sub-cultures in evidence, is a little surprising. Or maybe not. Inner-city urban deprivation chic obviously holds little sway in seaside resorts. There are a lot of extremely attractive young ladies present.

"Shine On You Crazy Deutschmark" plays over the P.A. . . .

I'D ALWAYS thought of Hawkwind as a peculiarly anachronistic mixture of sci-fi and drugs, slapdash and bombast — a drug-besotted relic of an age many would prefer to forget. But, as vocalist Bob Calvert points out, "It doesn't take very much for an image to stick, especially if it's an adverse one. You've only got to have one member of the band busted, it gets the press and then everyone gets branded with that."

To say nothing, one might add, of the dictates of fashion.

However, the reason I'm here follows friends' recommendations as to the musical merits of "Quark, Strangeness And Charm". A cursory listen not only justified further investigation but hinted that their recent work bore more than a passing relation to certain more, ah, *fashionable* musics.

Just desserts, I felt, were not forthcoming.

Besides which, recent upheavals in the band, accompanied by a change of name, suggested a redefinition of outlook and intention, a rejuvenation alluded to in the liner-note to "Quark": "This is just a small message to let you know we are *back on course*. Last year was the worst year for us, finding us in debt and out of touch with the modern world . . ."

"It was a case of continual battles," explains Calvert, "in order to bring about the necessary changes to keep the band alive and in touch with the modern world — whatever that is, because it's always changing. It's only a matter of subjective taste as to what section of the modern world you're in touch with, anyway."

These arguments about musical direction led to Calvert and founder / guitarist Dave Brock emerging as "the strongest, fittest survivors. A coup was put down, y'know . . .!"

So, exeunt names like Powell, Turner, Rudolph, King and House, and enter, eventually, bassist Harvey Bainbridge and drummer Martin Griffin from Hawkwind spin-off band The Sonic Assassins, and keyboard-player Steve Swindells from session-work and a stint with (of all people) Pilot.

"Initially, Dave and I formed The Sonic Assassins down in Devon with Martin and Harvey in order to be able to do the gigs we wanted to do at a moment's notice, instead of getting into arguments with people about whether they wanted to play a benefit, for example, or play Northern Ireland.

"It was quite a logical step to form a band called The Hawklords from The Sonic Assassins — they're both nicknames that have been used to describe the band in the past, and indeed, there are three science-fiction novels about a band called The Hawklords, which are based on us."

At the time of the split Hawkwind were working on the follow-up to "Quart, Strangeness And Charm", an album provisionally entitled "PXR 5". Apparently a patchy affair, it was felt best to postpone / rethink the album, and start a new one completely from scratch, with new songs and the new band (plus Simons King and House on a few tracks).

The result was "Hawklords", an album which, despite Calvert's description of it as "a fairly conventional collection of songs," and despite the most off-putting cover ever to slide round vinyl, is not without a fair proportion of fine moments. I'll not bore you with potted descriptions of the tracks, save to say that "25 Years" is the best Roxy Music track that Roxy Music never recorded (which raises questions of chickens and eggs), and that, in general, it's as engaging a mixture of solidity and sardonic futurism as you'll encounter nowadays.

Not a *great*, but certainly a *good* debut album, and one which serves to pull the band — and, hopefully, their fans — into contention with the late seventies.

Transition is the word.

THE HALL darkens, the audience cheers and moves forward, and the legend "Pan-Transcendental Industries Inc" flashes up on the backdrop, followed by "25 Years On". Noises are made in the darkness, finally resolving into "25 Years", and things get brighter.

Calvert, an obsessive dresser-up/actor, (and, if the truth be known, a more accomplished singer than he's usually given credit for), is in guerilla chic: beret, bullet-belt diagonal 'cross torso, etc.

Attired thus, the resemblance to Wolfie Smith from TV sitcom *Citizen Smith* is astonishing, lending an otherwise absent humorous edge to the images of austerity and alienation which make up the current stage-show. (It occurs to me later that the eponymous, out-of-synch toy revolutionary of that series has an ironic congruence with the accepted view of Hawkwind as anachronism — unintentional, no doubt, but nonetheless an interesting coincidence).

Two hours later, when they leave the stage, two things are apparent; one is that the Hawklords band is an extremely powerful, professional unit, totally at odds with the old Hawk-image of hangover hippies too wrecked to tie their bootlaces; the other is that there's a definite conflict of interest between the band and the fans.

The former are concerned with change, new leaves and clean sheets. As Martin Griffin surmises: "It's a band concerned with the *future* more than anything."

The latter . . . well, it's pretty obvious when the band depart the stage that no-one's gonna leave till they've heard "Silver Machine", okay?

Which places The Hawklords in rather a difficult position.

To pander, or not to pander? And while it's okay for an outsider like me to go along with the lust for progress in Steve Swindells' avowal that he "doesn't care whether a few old hippies get left behind", the peculiar fanaticism of the Hawk-fan has to be taken into consideration.

"When kids are coming backstage afterwards," points out Griffin, "and telling you not that it's a 'great gig' but that it's *the greatest experience of their lives*, you start to get an idea of the responsibility that rests on you."

The end result is an incredibly long — mere semi-converts like myself might say *interminable* — show which tries to cover every phase of Hawkwind's career, from "Urban Geurilla" and "Sonic Attack" through "Steppenwolf" to "Quark, Strangeness And Charm", besides presenting the newer Hawklords material.

Value for money, okay, but the failure (or unwillingness) to make a complete break with the past can only frustrate their desire to be accepted as a different band. Although, when asked about the differences between Hawkwind and The Hawklords, Calvert either isn't too sure about the distinctions himself, or attempts to appease old fans by blurring those distinctions:

"If I could be allowed to put it this way, it seems like *now* the band seems more the same than it used to be two years ago! Now, it's more like Hawkwind in spirit and feeling. I think there seems to be much stronger communion now between us and the people who come — and a lot of people have remarked that it *is* remarkable that the band is so sort of Hawkwind-*ish*, in spite of the fact that everybody's changed except Dave and me."

This sounds a trifle tautological, but I can see what Calvert means; live, this band *is* Hawkwind, to all intents and purposes. A tighter, no-nonsense Hawkwind, but still Hawkwind. Which doesn't fit with either their recent recorded stuff or their offstage demeanour.

Instead of the untogether, out-of-control, drug-addled louts of Lemmy-legend, the band I met was to a man composed of thoughtful, humorous, earnest but restrained human beings. A nicer bunch of blokes, etc.

What other band do you know that'd stop the tour coach to purchase, not booze, but buns? A peculiarly *English* phenomenon you'll agree, and quite in accord with Calvert's neat, conservative brown suit and brogues — in itself a helluva get-up for a bona-fide sonic assassin . . .

In conversation Calvert combines his onstage eagerness with his offstage reserve and displays a refreshing articulacy. I ask him whether the mythopoeic aspirations of the old band will be continued in The Hawklords.

"It seems that the impetus for these literary intentions is behind us now . . . there's a much less self-conscious approach. We're concerned with creating sounds and lyrics that actually feel right, rather than being tailored to fit a concept . . ."

This seems to be the case, despite the "Hawklords" album's loosely-draped factory/industry/automation concept. I put it to Calvert that whereas Hawkwind always came across like an aural Conan comic, The Hawklords are concerned more with future reality-possibilities than future fantasies that they jumped from Burroughs (Edgar Rice, not fashionable William) to Ballard.

"Right. I think, however, that the fantasy content largely comes from the artwork more than the content of the songs. 'Silver Machine', for example, isn't a sort of Conan long-haired fantasy thing, it's quite a modern song. And 'Urban Guerilla' is another.

"The Moorcock material that's been used, in fact, is things like 'Sonic Attack' — much more *realistic* SF than fantasy SF."

Do they read much SF then? Are they influenced by it? (Viz., things like "Damnation Alley" from "Quark, Strangeness And Charm").

"I don't! I don't like SF that much. Nobody in this band is particularly an SF fanatic. But then, neither is Michael Moorock himself. I think if you're a practitioner of that kind of thing, in literature or music, there are much more interesting sources of inspiration to be found outside the field altogether, in newspapers, and magazines like *Scientific American*, which is where the "Quark, Strangeness And Charm" idea came from. Most SF is trash, actually . . ."

I concur, and after a brief discussion on the closeness of Ballard's apocalyptic fictions to the life itself, conversation changes tack. I refer to the musical similarities between the (recorded) Hawklords and the Roxy/Bowie/Eno caucus and ask whether the disparity in fashionability between themselves and chic outfits like Ultravox *(Chic?! — Ed.)* annoys them.

"Yes, but you see the difference really is that we grew up with Bowie and Eno. In fact I made an album with Eno three years ago called 'Lucky Leif And The Longships', which was just me and him in the studio, basically, at a time when he wasn't as well-known as he is now.

■ Continued over page

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HAWKLORDS

■ *From previous page*

And when you're working with people in that close way there's bound to be some cross-over of influences happening. I found, from working with him, that we had a lot of ideas in common — obviously, or we wouldn't have started the thing off in the first place."

There's also the punk connection . . .

" 'Born To Go', if you listen to it now, sounds like a punk band; it could be the Buzzcocks, or someone like that. Indeed, Pete Shelley actually confessed to us that he'd spent a lot of his early youth listening to albums like the 'Space Ritual' and derived quite a lot of his musical direction from it. Which doesn't surprise me, but this is something which never gets mentioned in the press."

Okay. Sour grapes made sweet. Now, what of the future?

"What we are talking about doing is an album which is much more musically daring, less tied to recognisably traditional song formats. More experimental-bearing musical ideas, which is what we started doing on 'Quark'. Like 'Spirit Of The Age', which has an enormously long introduction before the song starts and a very slow build."

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

CALVERT ALSO has another solo project up his sleeve, "a *painful* sort of album" about a teenage schizophrenic for which he hopes to get together with label-mate(!)/radical psychologist R. D. Laing.

"I was diagnosed as a schizophrenic in my youth, treated as that, but then I was told afterwards that I wasn't actually a schizophrenic at all. It might end up as part of the next Hawklords album, actually."

Hmmm. Aren't the band worried about their more "experimental-bearing musical ideas" leaving their audience behind? The general impression I got was that the Hawk-audience was still largely composed of souls for whom the prospect of Armageddon holds few surprises, and whose idea of ecstasy is a tape-loop of "Silver Machine" . . .

"I never really thought about that, actually. I mean, as long as Dave Brock is pounding away on his guitar the way he does — which he's not going to stop doing . . . he's not going to suddenly switch to playing plangent electric mandolin, or something like that — I don't think there's much danger of our changing *that* drastically.

"It's a long process of distilling a basic urge; it started out as a huge wave of direction, which hasn't broken yet. I think it could have quite a long way to go.

"And don't forget, the people in Afghan coats are about 18 years old now, instead of being the old guys who don't go to gigs that much now — they're at home with their stereos, which they've probably acquired from selling badges and leatherware.

"The largest percentage of rock gig-goers are young kids anyway, 'cos they're the ones who want to get out of the home situation, the European family cell, into a sort of thermo-nuclear explosion."

Calvert's under no delusions about the reason for the disparity between The Hawklords' recorded work and their live performance — only he doesn't find it as depressing a phenomenon as I do:

"It's due mainly to the energy-level of the audience, really. They *demand* by their very presence that we present them with something very exciting. I think the stage-show *should* be exciting rather than just a reproduction of what you can do in the studio.

"In a completely dead town it's quite a responsibility to provide an exciting and colourful two hours. That's why I think rock music is so popular, because it's the only way — short of forming terrorist cells or something — that you can actually find a sort of collective excitement without causing anyone any harm.

"Like, football has become a quite dangerous sport, but in rock'n'roll the incidents are very few — occasionally someone might get smashed over the head with a bottle but it doesn't happen very often.

"It's a release of everyday banality, isn't it?"

Sure is, but it's rather sad to see a band who originally sprang up as part of a (quasi-) cultural flowering now functioning as a release-valve for trapped souls.

That's the spirit of the age, I guess.

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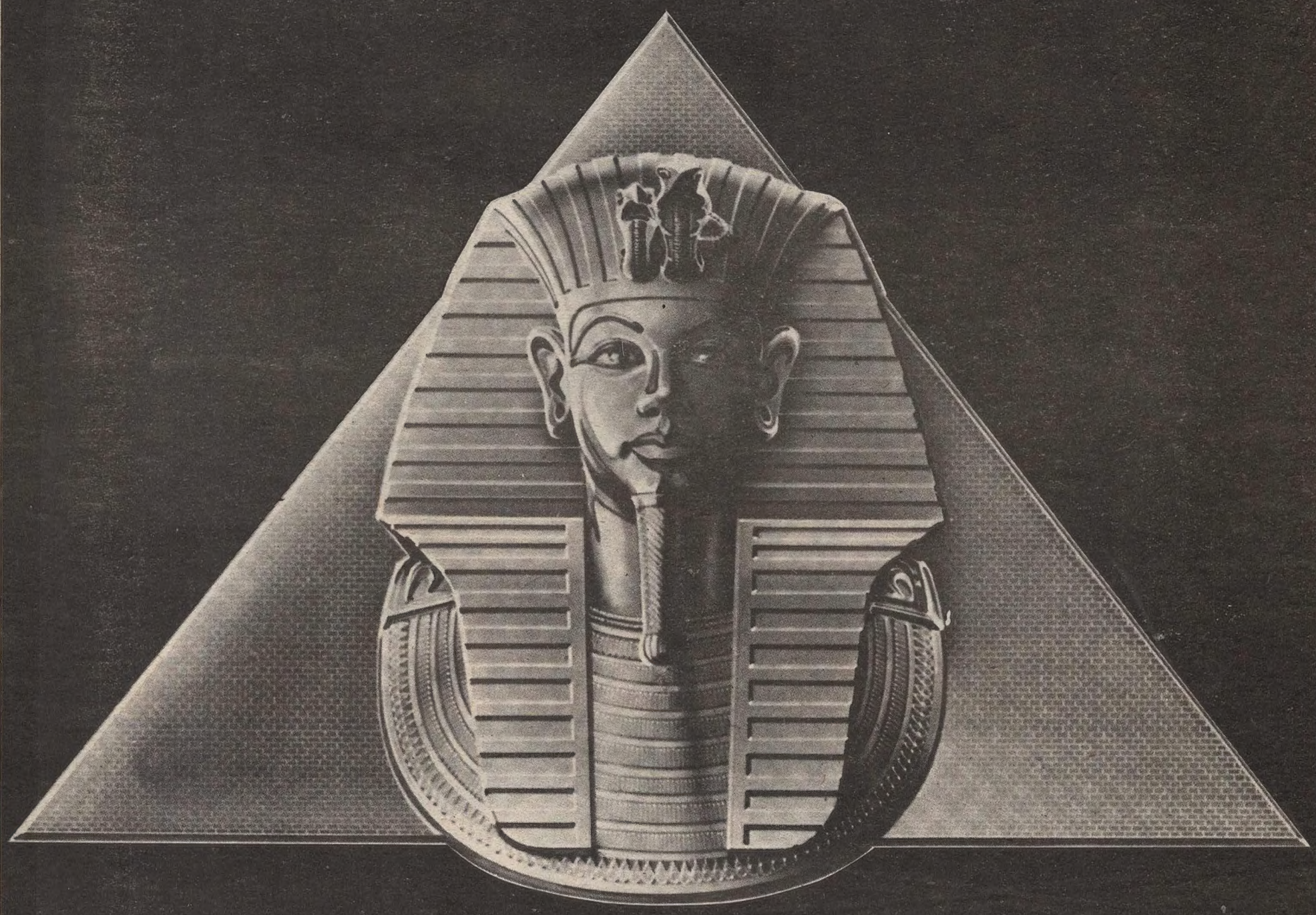

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THE FAB FOUR

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

THE RAMONES have been in Hollywood for the past month making their motion picture debut, which has a working title of *Rock'n'Roll High School.*

Advance reports indicate that the plot will have all the low-rent juvenile drama ingredients we have come to associate with da brudders.

It's about the commotion that goes on in a high school when it's announced that a certain well-known rock group is coming to town, culminating with a show from the boys themselves. Romance, comedy and social significance seem virtually guaranteed.

The movie is being produced by Roger Corman — a veteran of the B-movie shlock horror genre responsible for such top drive-in attractions as *I Was A Teenage Werewolf* — and directed by Alan Arkush, who recently made a B-movie tribute called *Hollywood Boulevard*. They were looking for a group to appear in their film and The Ramones were a natural choice.

It's scheduled to be released next spring by New World Pictures. The Ramones will, of course, play themselves, and sadly but somehow predictably, Joey *doesn't* get the girl.

Another rock star about to make the big move to the big screen, providing it will accommodate him, is the big Meat Loaf. He will appear in a film made by the director of *Phantom Of The Paradise* and *Carrie*, Brian DePalma. If it's a supernatural thriller, as DePalma's last few movies have been, then a possible title might by *Berk Out Of Hell*.

B. SEDATED

THRILLS

JOEY by PETER M. COOK

DYLAN ALBUM HITS NEW PROBLEMS

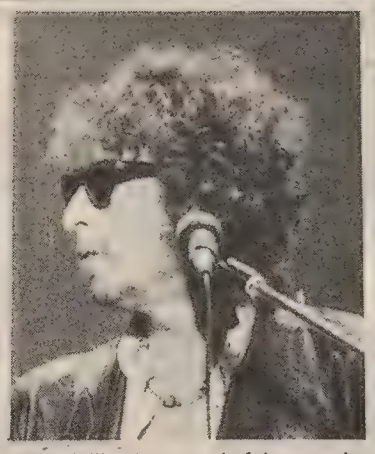
THOUGH the Bob Dylan live double-album "Live At Budokan" is currently Britain's fastest-selling import — this, despite a £16.50 price tag — CBS say that they are unlikely to provide the album with a home release.

A disgruntled CBS person was heard to say: "All this means is that the bootleg tape merchants will have a field day — all they've got to do is buy a copy of the album, record cassette copies, then flog them to their friends for three or four quid a time, thus undercutting the price of the album by over £12."

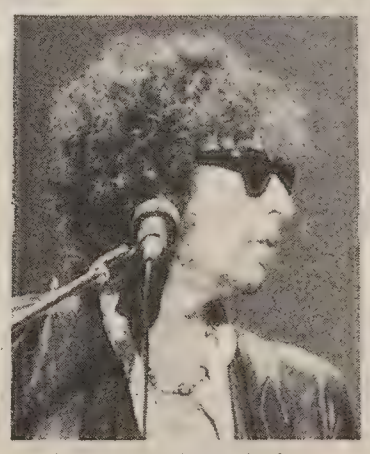
Meanwhile, Louis Raynor, of Hammersmith's Flyover Records, who have been supplying London's West End with as many copies of "Budokan" as he can lay mitts on, is said to be wearing a suitably inscrutable smile!

PEARL HARBOR

THRILLS



"Don't like the sound of that much, Bob."



"Just be thankful you aren't a ruddy Rasta, Bob!"

ROCK AGAINST CONFERENCES

"ALTHOUGH we are called 'Rock Against Racism' we support the struggle against other forms of harassment. There is no way we will allow women, gays or Irish people to be put down or made the butt of dumb jokes or songs from an RAR stage."

So runs one of the major proposals adopted at last weekend's RAR conference — in direct response to the criticism heaped on the organisation for allowing bands like The Fabulous Poodles to play sexist music under the RAR banner.

The conference, a two-day affair held at the Central London Poly, brought together RAR groups from all over the country to discuss future plans with the Working Committee of the London branch. Saturday's sessions, which I missed, had workshops, an anti-Nazi film, business reports and discussions on sexism, *Temporary Hoarding* and RAR clubs. On Sunday, we had discussions on sexism (again), Northern Ireland, alternative record labels and the projected RAR roadshow tour.

The tour, planned for early spring, will cover most of England and Scotland, and RAR are now assembling a pool of bands — the idea is that four from the pool will play a set of four gigs, then be replaced by a different four bands for the next four gigs. And so on.

People from Fast Product, Rough Trade, Scritti Politti and People United turned up to give details about making and distributing your own records. DIY fans might like to know that Scritti Politti are hoping to compile a pamphlet of basic info, while Raw Records and Television Personalities, a London band, are already working on similar projects.

The most heated exchanges, though, revolved around the issues of sexism and racism.

The first problem came when one RAR group proposed doing a gig for the "Troops Out" movement. Several people thought it would be a mistake for RAR to become "officially" associated with T.O., as this could be a potentially divisive step which would weaken RAR support, particularly in Northern Ireland. But other speakers claimed that an organisation combating racism had no choice but to deplore the presence of an "English imperialist army" on Irish soil. The meeting left the problem unresolved — an official line would be worked out later.

RAR had invited members of Misty and Aswad along to clarify the relationship between sexism and Rastafarianism. This they failed to do, generally making a hopeless mess of the issue. First, they pretended they didn't know what sexism was; and when somebody told them, they found other ways of hedging: they weren't sexist at all, well they weren't any more sexist than whites, well if they were it was because it was God's law and you have to respect other people's religion, don't you maan?

Charles I thought God supported him over the Divine Right Of Kings, but he still got his head chopped off! Better hang on to yourselves, boys.

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

TRB TV SPECIAL

TOM ROBINSON at Finchden Manor

RECOGNISE the visage peering from the depths of all that hair in the picture on the left? You got it, *Blackmail* fans — it's yer old mate Mr T. Robinson of New Bond Street.

But despite appearances, this *isn't Blackmail Corner*. The archive snappette on display here, y'see, is just one of several highly interesting features of an up-coming Granada TV documentary about The Tom Robinson Band.

Directed by former rock photo-journalist Mick Gold (author of *Rock On The Road*, previous celluloid career highlight a study of dada and surrealism called *Europe After The Rain)*, the TRB programme is a one-hour documentary tentatively called *Too Good To Be True?*

Gold invited *Thrills* to witness the rough cuts last week.

Centred around TRB's gig in Oxford on September 23, it's one of the *livest* TV rock shows ever, up there with the Pistols and Devoto on *So It Goes* and TRB on *The London Weekend Show*. For once, the director picks up on the fact that the singer is not the entire band, and there's plenty of footage of Danny Kustow in his most brain-damaged form, veering wildly out of tune through "Up Against The Wall" and "Power In The Darkness", while Robinson hacks hoarsely through "Motorway", "Martin" and a ragged "Glad To Be Gay".

In fact, it's all pretty ragged. Which is why it's so good, innit?

In between times, Tom does his Most Articulate Man In Showbiz act — a TV natural — as Gold takes him and Kustow through their Finchden Manor experiences (Did Finchden have any long-term effect on your outlook? Tom: "It's where I first slept with a boy . . . and that was a whole lot of fun. I've gone right on doing it."), the band's formation, the press deluge, etc, etc.

One of the most interesting moments comes when the band are seen discussing *NME's* famous *Blackmail Corner* shot of Kustow in drag. While he and Dolphin thinks it's hilarious, Tom can't help pointing out that drag-as-a-joke is oppressive, as it reinforces the macho man, feminine woman stereotypes.

It's scheduled for screening early in the New Year as the second in a series of six Granada rock films (the first, on Randy Newman, goes out on January 2; the third, yet to be shot, will feature Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds in the studio). Book a seat.

PHIL McNEILL

animal liberation:

MASSACRE AND PROTEST

EARLIER this year there was widespread public protest following the news that Japanese fishermen had slaughtered over 1,000 dolphins on the grounds that they were eating the fish.

Now comes the news of an even *larger* dolphin slaughter in another region of Japan, in a traditional hunt which has been held annually for more than 100 years but has remained unnoticed by the outside world.

Thrills has obtained the original press release from the first outside observers of the killing, members of the Hawaii-based Earth Co-Existence Organisation (ECO). They report that some 6,000 dolphins are regularly killed during the last three months of each year around the Izu peninsula. This year was no exception.

ECO president Dexter Cate filed his first-hand report:

"It was straight out of hell. Any direction that you looked, there was blood and agony for the dolphins.

"Fishermen and families watching saw an everyday occurrence. To them, it's the same as catching any other fish." (In Japanese, the word for slaughter applies to all large mammals including humans, but not to dolphins and whales. They are simply 'caught' as fish.)

"The dolphins were kept in the fishing net awaiting their turn to be slaughtered. Many were badly injured. As they round them up, the fishermen randomly spear the dolphins to maintain panic and confusion and maybe ensure cohesion, as the rest try to help the injured ones.

"Dolphins with bellies split open thrashed about whistling in distress and their entrails flopped on the concrete. They didn't lose consciousness even as blood gushed from their throats.

"As we stood there, horrified witnesses, a fisherman deftly severed the heart from a still quivering dolphin, tossed it aside. It landed less than a yard from my feet, still beating."

The dolphins are killed purely for human consumption, but ironically, around that coast the dolphins' flesh contains an average 4 parts per million of mercury — ten times the normal level allowed for human consumption. The fishermen's annual consumption of 466 tons of dolphin meat could be killing them . . .

The Izu slaughter must be stopped.

● Closer to home, the front line troops in the Whale War have been involved in more direct action. On November 7, The Moby Dick Group poured paint stripper over seven Japanese Datsun cars on a transporter in Yeovil, causing £2,000 damage, as a protest against Japanese whaling.

A photostat statement which the Group delivered to a local newspaper office claimed: "This was part of the nationwide campaign against these vehicles both in dealers' and private hands.

"The failure of the national press and television to deliver our message has resulted in the unfair element of surprise in these attacks.

"They are to blame for not enabling people to take the necessary security and insurance measures for the protection of their property. Ample warning was given, but it fell on deaf ears."

RECORD REVIEWERS HAVE GOT HEARTS OF STONE

"The band hit in on a lovely, relaxed groove, handling the dynamic like only a ten-piece can, no effort. Southside . . . his singing on this album is just marvellous, no more straining, totally in control—it's like he's broken his voice in, crossed some personal barrier. Add a tune which perfectly matches the band's new-found rock melodic feel with a raw Stax chorus, and it's sheer unassuming genius."

Phil McNeill, NME

"There's a world of experience wrapped up in this album. Springsteen once wrote about Southside that he was 'the only white kid on the Jersey shore that you could stand to hear sing straight r&b five sets a night'.
Recommendations don't come much higher than that."

Mike Davies, MM

"'I got a ragged hungry band full of stone survivors/We're out here trying to keep it alive', he sings.
I'd say they were doing rather more than trying."

David Hepworth, SOUNDS

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Yeovil police are investigating.

● More recently in Glasgow, members of Greenpeace went into action when they were leaked information that a shipment of sperm whale oil was coming into Glasgow docks. They went out in inflatables to try to prevent the tanker from docking, but the engine on one of the boats broke down and the crew were arrested under some obscure by-law dating back to 1889.

Their action highlights efforts by other groups like Friends of the Earth to get the dockers to black sperm oil shipments, which would effectively put an end to its use in Britain.

Members of the Glasgow dock union are in favour, it appears, and moves are now being made to try and get the issue adopted by the unions on a national basis.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

ROD PAYS WAGE CLAIM

ROD STEWART was sued last week for unpaid royalties by his former drummer Micky Waller, and agreed to settle out of court for an undisclosed sum — an event which surprisingly escaped the attention of our Rod-hungry national press.

Waller had sued Stewart, his company Rollgreen Ltd., and company director Milton Marks for £6,000, claiming he was owed this amount in royalties.

Waller began playing drums with Cyril Davies' All Stars in '63, went on to play with Jeff Beck and Stewart in Steampacket on Beck's "Truth" album.

He then played on five of Stewart's solo albums.

But this claim was specifically to do with the "Smiler" album.

Under an agreement made in 1973, Waller was to receive one per cent of the 11 per cent royalties Stewart got from "Smiler", which has sold 1½ million copies.

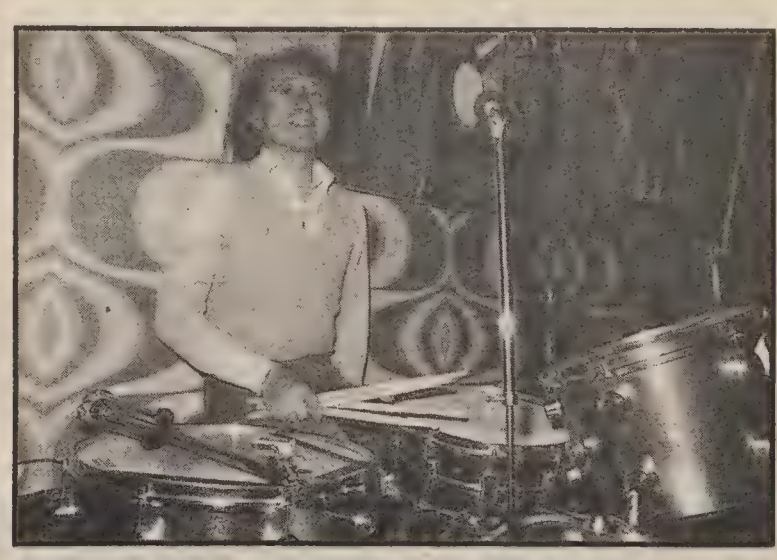
Waller's counsel said in court that the drummer instead received a lump payment because a legal dispute was holding up release of the album and he had "over-extended" himself financially.

The judge approved the out of court settlement, and added that he was extremely glad he did not have the "onerous task" of dealing with allegations of improper conduct made against Stewart.

Waller, who these days is to be found playing jazz at Putney's Half Moon, said afterwards that he was happy with the settlement. But of Rodders he added: "I'm no longer friends with him. I never want to see him again."

KEITH HUNT

THRILLS



MICKY WALLER celebrates his victory. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR.

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WELCOME

GILLETT PLANS SEDUCTION — WITH AFTERCARE

Back in biz . . . CHARLIE GILLETT (left) and GORDON MELKI. Pic:

EVER wanted to hear a radio show that operated no embargo on the music it broadcast than that of judicious taste? Where Clarence Frogman Henry could rub shoulders with X-Ray Spex?

If you live in London you're too late. Charlie Gillett's Sunday lunch time Radio London *Honky Tonk* show comes off the air at the end of this month after almost seven years — a more serious loss to a London rock fans' Sabbath routine than the closure of a certain weekly travel brochure.

The show's disalarminglyt frank DJ — Gillett played "God Save The Queen" at the time of the Radio One and Two bans, openly wondering what the fuss was about — say's he's decided to stop being "an unpaid A&R man". After all, past years Gillett's played the first recording of, amongst others, Graham Parker, Darts, Dire Straits, Lene Lovich and D.P. Costello. Now he and his producer, Gordon Melki, intend to devote their energies to their long-suffering Oval label.

A clutter of posters among the piles of records and tapes in his Clapham home witness that Oval Records has again become a viable reality, with advance funding from A&M records, after too many years spent being in the right place too soon. Gillett, for instance, was the manager of Kilburn & THe High Roads (with Ian Dury) four years ago, and his involvement with radio followed the same pattern.

"In the late '60s I sent a trial script to radio and they sent it back saying it was altogether too serious an approach. So I tried for a job with *Melody Maker* and they wrote back mentioning the word 'serious' again and suggesting I get interested in jazz!"

Bemused, Gillett instead went off and wrote the definitive history of rock'n'roll, *The Sound Of The City'* which eventually landed him his radio show.

***Honky Tonk's* original brief was to be oldies-orientated, playing things people weren't likely to have heard before, but Gillett's involvement with the Kilburns and through them with what was quaintly termed 'pub rock' caused the show to become more of an adjunct to whatever was going down in London.**

"That's one of the many things that finally made me stop; I've always been listening at home to more up-to-date music than I've been playing on the radio — It's just too schizophrenic an existance."

***Honky Tonk* will be replaced by a show called *Echoes* hosted by Radio One rock'n'roll DJ Stuart Coleman. "He suffers," says Charlie, if that's the right word, from many of the same blind spots I've had. But the oldies are what that particular audience wants, and that's always been my problem.**

"*Live In London* is the title I think it should have — playing whatever *is* live in London. Somebody digging around all that stuff and playing it."

At best, Honky Tonk balanced the two, and if there's a show that replaces its function, it probably won't be Charlie's: "People think radio is my main concern — despite the fact that I get paid so little it's a real joke. Gordon and I have to spend all our spare hours trying to make a living and get Oval going."

Oval started around '74 with cajun rock'n'roll re-issues, amongst them Johnny Allen's unbeatable "Promised Land", that soon financed new recordings. But in those pre-punk, pre Stiff-Wick days you had to aim for Radio One or not aim at all, and so Oval ended up putting out reggae records by the likes of Dennis Brown, "because the reggae scene was the only place where things could happen on a small scale."

And now? Just what the world needs, you say, another small record company. Aside from the fact that there can never be enough small record companies, the new Oval is aiming for slightly different ground.

"The way big companies choose to play it", says Charlie, "makes it difficult for them to make their decisions, because they're not involved with the artist. There's a breed of A&R men for whom signing a band is rather like seducing a girl — once they've cracked it, they lose interest."

And the group then gets shuffled around from department to department, often in the hands of an artist Liaison Person whose main qualifications for the job is his ability to tell jokes and buy drinks. As Charlie points out, "it can be a very discomforting experience. We're trying to protect the artists from all that."

Which ties in with a change of attitude he's had of late . . .

"We were always worried about whether what we'd done would be a hit single or not. But I'm starting to lose all those purisms — just thinking it was something to do with *a* record I don't know if the record we're putting out next month by The Secret is a hit, all I know is that they themselves are.

"It's confidence in our ability to judge that. Like Ian Dury . . . we thought he had it too, and when he hadn't got there we began to wonder. Finally we saw that those feelings we had about him — and which we have about one or two other people like Lene Lovich and The Secret —both, surprisingly enough, Oval recording artists) — were accurate. I'm realising the character of the person has actually got more to do with it than a particular record."

The only drawback for Charlie is that A&M won't give Oval their own label until they have that particular record.

Meanwhile catch the final *HonkyTonk* if you can, a demo special with the best of the tapes he has played, including D.P. Costello's "Wave A White Flag".

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

CHRISTMAS TURKEYS: THE BIG CARVE-UP

EXACTLY WHOM was Mommy kissing underneath the mistletoe last night? If you think it was Santa, better getcha noddle seen to.

Odds are that it was really Clive Davis all decked out in time for the great laser parade.

Y'see, Christmas is traditionally the period when record barons whoop things up. After all, wouldn't you too be ever so slightly rapturous if you got paid again this year for the job you did last December? Too right, Bruce. Thing is, the name of the game (and one not yet marketed by Waddington's) is Christmas re-issue.

This year's supply is formed by **Bing's** "White Christmas", **The Kinks'** "Father Christmas", **Greg Lake's** "I Believe In Father Christmas", **The Salsoul Orchestra's** "The Little Drummer Boy" (Pye were also dickering with the idea of re-running the **Harry Simeone** Chorale original last time I popped into ATV-land) and **Slade's** "Merry Christmas Everybody".

"Please Come Home For Christmas", originally cut for Aladdin by bluesman **Charles Brown** during the '50s, has been re-wrapped in homogenised fashion by **The Eagles,** and "Mary's Boy Child", once a winner for ex-Dylan front man **Harry Belafonte** is being disco-propelled into the charts by the likes of **Boney M.**

Perhaps the whole deal really started with the Crosby item. The pipe-smoking Harry Lillis sang the ditty in the movie *Holiday Inn* back in '42, cut the disc in May of that year (Christmas songs are usually cut in the summer just to get the right atmosphere) and landed himself with a Christmas boomerang, the disc returning to the U.S. top 10 every December twixt '42 and '49, also doing pretty well thereafter — often via versions cut in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Hawaiian, Polish and Dutch!

But then, '42 was big on Christmas. Dance band leader **Freddy Martin** sold a million copies of "White Christmas" that year, while **Fred Waring** did the same with "T'was The Night Before Christmas". And Bing, finding himself with nothing in particular to do one day, ran up a version of "Silent Night" that did a nifty seven million or so.

But I digress. It's the re-issue: and second, third and fourth time around piece of gift-wrapped vinyl that we're really dealing with. Like **Brenda Lee's** "Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree", which charted Stateswise in '60, '61 and '62 and still gets a frequent re-service via MCA. Or that Harry Simeone flashback (which, incidentally, was the first Top Rank disc to be issued in these isles), a U.S. chart-climber for five consecutive years (1958-62).

Bobby Helms too, after surfacing with "My Special Angel", cottoned on to the great Christmas re-run and contributed "Jingle Bell Rock" — charting every December from '57 through to '62 with the exception of '59 (during which Christmas **Frankie Avalon** rightfully asked "Why?" and gained a No. 1 for so doing).

Often though, chart positions don't count for much. Xmas reissues can still accrue healthy sales by just being around. One particular case in point is the pure gospel version of "Silent Night" recorded by the late, great **Mahalia Jackson,** a waxing which only made the 99th spot in *Billboard's* Hot 100 during the Christmas of '62 but sold steadily thereafter. At one point it became the all-time best seller in Norway — and when last heard of, had passed the magic million mark.

So re-hash, re-cash has provided an easy way out for record companies through-out the years — and I guess we'll continue to see such cuts as **John Lennon's** "Happy Xmas" and **Elvis Presley's** "Blue Christmas", plus the Christmas albums from **Spector, Motown** and **The Beach Boys,** decorating local, holly-bedecked record emporiums as long as Marley's ghost (Jacob not Bob, pinhead!) continues to walk.

For it's not a white Christmas, it's a pound and dollar green one, as Stan Freberg once pointed out amid the sound of ringing cash-registeres.

Revival means survival.

Happy Christmas, EMI.

FRED DELLAR

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON

HEY! WHY AINT YA GONNA PUT OUT M'TOKEN CHRISTMAS SINGLE?
ER.....
LET'S JUST SAY THAT FOR A SEASONAL NUMBER IT ISN'T IN TH' RIGHT SPIRIT.
RUBBISH!! SPECIFICS MAN, HIT ME WITH F'RINSTANCES....
SIGHO! OK! LINE BY LINE, IT'S ABOUT SANTA EH? WELL...
... 'CLIMB UPON M'KNEE AN' SMILE - COS THIS OL' DUDE'S A PAEDOPHILE... " WHERE'S TH' SPIRIT? TH' SEASONAL CHEER?
OK! OK! I CONCEDE...
....IF YOU WANNA MAKE HIM A DRUNK LET'S MAKE HIM A DRUNK.....

STRANGLERS ALBUM HITS NEW CONTROVERSY

"IT'S HOPELESS." Hugh Cornwell's voice crackles with weariness and frustration as he squats in a corner of the *NME* review room. The tape machine jackhammers out a white label of the "new" Stranglers album "Eastern Front".

"New" because the LP has just been completed and The Stranglers want United Artists to release it as soon as is humanly possible, and above all in time for Christmas. "New" (in quotes) because UA have informed Stranglers' manager Ian Grant that "in our expert opinion as a major record company it is not feasible, viable or even desirable to release this LP at this particular point in time if we are going to be able to maximise the ongoing commercial and marketable potential of the property concerned."

The track playing is Jean-Jacques Burnel's impassioned "Fuck My Old Boots". *"Whip some skull on me, you ree-actionary old dumper"*, howls Burnel over wiry, vicious bass lines and Dave Greenfield's manically-spiralling organ phrases. Coming straight in via a jarring segue from Cornwell's startling interpretation of Bacharach and David's "Alfie", it is one of the most brutally effective moments in the band's recorded history.

So which tracks are actually the contentious ones? Is it "MiG", Burnel's gutwrenching warning of Soviet military intentions in Eastern Europe? Or "Two Balls Are Better Than None (Any Day)", a piece calculated to infuriate any self-respecting male feminist? Or is it the admittedly controversial "Only Faggots Hate The Sight Of Blood"?

"It certainly isn't any of these tracks," retorts Cornwell. "UA loved those. They said they were the purest expression of our art we'd ever bloody recorded.

"No, the real reason that Jean-Jacques is going to beat the living stools out of those miserable liberal bastards when he gets back from his karate course is that they don't realise we've *got* to get this album out in the next ten days. There are two Christmas tracks on it which will be obsolescent by the Spring — which is when *they* want to put the thing out."

How's Burnel doing on his course, we enquired parenthetically.

"Oh, alright. Except he was a bit under the weather last time I spoke to him," admits Cornwell. "He was apparently about to bite the head off a live chicken — it was part of his Pink Belt exam — when it bit him first. Just below the eye."

The Christmas tracks in question were both over on the second side of "Eastern Front", so we played them next. "No More Santa" draws arresting parallels between the assassination of Salvador Allende and the Nativity. "Let My Reindeer Be My Weapon And My Statement" is the motif of "Jingle Balls", an eerie chant accompanied only by an effects tape of exploding Japanese carrier planes — transformed, Moroder-fashion, into an attractive light disco beat.

"It's our only compromise with disco so far," admits a shamefaced Cornwell.

But the row, he says, originally blew up over the cover. The Stranglers had already submitted artwork depicting a giant phallus dressed as a Waffen SS trooper (with the foreskin doing double duty as a coalscuttle helmet) protruding from a snow-covered battlefield — an interestingly solipsistic sideline being the artful conglomeration of Roman bellistae, Napoleonic gun-carriages and World War II artillery: all rusted, disused, snowmantled, quiescent.

"Eastern Front" — the sleeve

Their design was rejected by UA in favour of a photograph of a dead girl with big tits. The two sides eventually compromised with the cover shown above — which should have solved the problem but instead led to further acrimony over the album's contents.

At the moment, as Cornwell has it, there is something of an impasse, with United Artists (who hold the masters) asserting their contractual right to release material as and when they choose, and The Stranglers asserting *their* contractual right to take a snatch squad of Finchley Boys into UA's offices to "completely waste the entire building."

Cornwell claims: "It actually *is* in our contract, you know. There's a — clause which states that we have the right to 'take punitive physical action against the executives and servants of the corporation' whenever a quorum of the group thinks fit. So, as soon as Jean-Jacques gets back . . ."

The threat hung in the air, all the more menacing for being unspoken. In the meantime, hoping it won't come to that, The Stranglers are taking the uncharacteristic step of enlisting the aid of the rock press, the BBC and the National Union of Conservative Students to make their case public.

"We really believe in this album," insists Cornwell. "We honestly believe that it's the best thing that The Stranglers have ever done, and it's vital to all of us (especially Jean-Jacques) that the album is released when we originally intended it to be released. It's a really good album — far better than boring, monotonous, simplistic load of half-baked sexist crap we released last time."

M. A. CHOMAN

THRILLS

MONEY B. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

CONTACT IN RED SQUARE

BONEY M became the first 'non-MOR' act to play behind the 'Iron Curtain' last week. A packed house of 3,000 Soviet punters gave an "enthusiastic greeting" to the first of ten shows by the best-selling bourgeois Western entertainment troupe, writes our man at SIGINT.

Moscow's Red Army and bureaucratic elite were spotted in the giant queue that formed outside the Rossiy Concert Hall, just around the corner from the Kremlin. The group were officially billed as simply a "vocal instrumental ensemble from the countries of the Caribbean Sea", but word spread fast and the strictly rationed tickets were fetching the equivalent of £100 on the black market. Someone went so far as to steal the American ambassador's personal ticket allocation.

Boney M's set diplomatically excluded their recent hit "Rasputin", hinting as it does at the bedroom prowess of a well-known Tzarist figure.

"I really miss not being able to sing 'Rasputin'," said Marcia Barrett, "but we were told not to. We were also told not to be too sexy."

Judging from their recent live shows, there's not much danger of that anyway. But Boney M-ania still reached such a peak that even Moscow's normally dry official newspapers joined in. Their stories centred on the rags - to - riches rise of Boney M — but played down the riches aspect and instead praised their work as a "collective".

Meanwhile rumours that the new Clash album is enjoying a brisk turnover in the Eastern Bloc have proved false, proof that even communists prefer to get down than get polemic.

THRILLS

Dr. Strangelove

Wh
Peterb. ...n defende
...l Green aga...ist Watford.

DIVISION TWO

There was a glut of goals in Division Two, nine being scored in the remarkable 5-5 draw between Bristol Rovers ...nd Charlton.
...aul Randall net...
for Rove

THE OLD grey whistle test has proved successful in times of emergency for elderly people in Chingford.

Shrewsbury Crown Court was told that an error at a drug-taking session led to the deaths of two men. A third was lucky to recover after being taken to a hospital intensive care unit.

Chemists' shops

Dix's best friend, Kenneth ...hDx sr eistieend.bKnet' Litherland, 27, died after he was injected with methodyne hydrochloride which was 10 times stronger than they expected.

Blimey — he must have been pretty stoned. Spotted in the Telegraph by the Aboriginal Moron.

As for the true purpose of OGWT, our thanks to Chingford Guardian reader Septic Eyelid.

THE CURE

AIN'T NO BLUES FOR THE SUMMERTIME CURE

BUZZCOCK Pete Shelley made a name for himself playing a cheap and battered Starway guitar. The drummer of The Worst used to whack beefily away behind a Chad Valley kit. Likewise, Robert Smith, teenage lynchpin of The Cure, is happy enough back in garageland with his modest axe — a Woolworth's Top Twenty guitar that set the lad back precisely £20.

Hands up those of you who still reckon you need expensive instruments to play rock 'n' roll? I suggest you catch The Cure immediately.

An abrasive Light Metal trio hailing from Crawley, a far-flung southern outpost of London's commuter hinterland, The Cure are like a breath of fresh suburban air on the capital's smog-ridden pub and club circuit.

Compact and self-sufficient — guitarist Smith balances the group's sound live himself aided by a portable mixing desk at the side of the stage — The Cure are a triumph of impulse and spontaneity. As Smith explains, "We see so many of the people we went to school with doing absolutely nothing. A lot of them are talented enough to, but they just don't bother themselves.

"There are so many people playing music that is absolute rubbish and getting somewhere doing it. You just think, if they're doing it, why don't you when you know you're so much better."

Smith formed the band at school with drummer Lol Tolhurst and bassist Mike Dempsey as long ago as 1976. After a short series of local gigs as a five piece, they went through a rapid succession of lead guitarists and vocalists before settling on the current three piece line-up.

After winning one of those "So You Want To Be A Rock And Roll Star" talent competitions, they spent most of last year in limbo, unhappily signed to German disco label Ariola-Hansa — the people that brought you Child and Japan — recording demos with unsympathetic producers, but never actually getting as far as that elusive first single release.

"They wanted us to be another Child," splutters Rob. "We were even offered a song that Child eventually put out as a single!

"They were giving us all these really old songs to cover. We couldn't believe it. This was summer 1977 and we thought we'd be able to do all these outrageous songs we'd written and all they wanted from us were versions of really banal old rock 'n' roll songs.

"Then they gave us the money to do our own demos. And of course they didn't like them. So they tried putting us in the studio with one of their soul producers, and that didn't work our either. It got to the stage where we would have become the Barron Knights of Punk ..."

Their five-year Ariola-Hansa contract mutually terminated at the end of last year, The Cure, with their master tapes tucked firmly under their armpits, went back to gigging spasmodically at local venues like the Laker's Hotel in Redhill until an old friend lent them the cash to hire a studio to cut some last ditch demos.

In desperation, a dozen copies of the resultant tape were mailed out to the record companies. A week or so later, young Rob received a call from former Polydor A&R man and Jam producer Chris Parry, under whose auspices they have finally recorded a single, "Killing An Arab", due for release shortly on Small Wonder.

The title, at first glance irresponsibly racist, it transpires, comes from the song's inspiration *The Stranger*, a book by Camus about an Algerian uprising.

"The song's dedicated to all the rich Arabs who go to Crawley College discos to pick up the girls," jokes Rob drily.

"But it's not really racist, if you know what the song is about. It's not a call to kill Arabs. It just happened that the main character in the book had actually killed an Arab, but it could have been a Scandinavian or an English bloke — the fact that he killed an Arab has nothing to do with it really."

With a John Peel session, a spot on the forthcoming Polydor compilation album and more extensive London gigging on their immediate agenda, it remains to be seen whether or not The Cure can retain their refreshing joie de vivre.

ADRIAN THRILLS

LOWRY

"We're arming our men with the very latest weaponry and training them in up-to-the-minute counter insurgency and civil disobedience techniques — to bring back old fashioned law and order."

We all know about the UBU, but who the hell is PIERRE? Sent by Sedat Nemli, no fixed abode.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX UNION
the Old Refectory, Falmer House

FRIDAY, 1st DECEMBER, 1978
doors open 8 p.m.

PIERRE UBU
plus support

Absolutely no re-admission without BOTH handstamp AND ticket stub

Tickets
£1 in Advance
£1.30 on Door

№ 120

SO WE called it A Rotten Competition — we still didn't expect to receive quite so many rotten answers.

The majority of the replies could most kindly be described as eccentric, and even most of these were couched in language stern enough to make disgraced ex-presidents blanche, and thus are precluded from publication in an august family organ such as this.

In the end, we were fortunate to come across six speech bubbles worthy of earning tickets for the Public Image Ltd Christmas gigs and Haydn Davies' effort, reproduced above, is the outright winner by plain virtue of at least attempting to be a bit visual.

The other enfrants who, like Haydn, of Shipton-on-Stour, Warks, will be receiving a pair of PIL tickets are:

S. David, Fremington, N. Devon — *"Now this is how to get away with murder, Sid!"*

Pete Branscombe, Slough, Berks — *"My Public Image for Christmas . . . a turkey"*

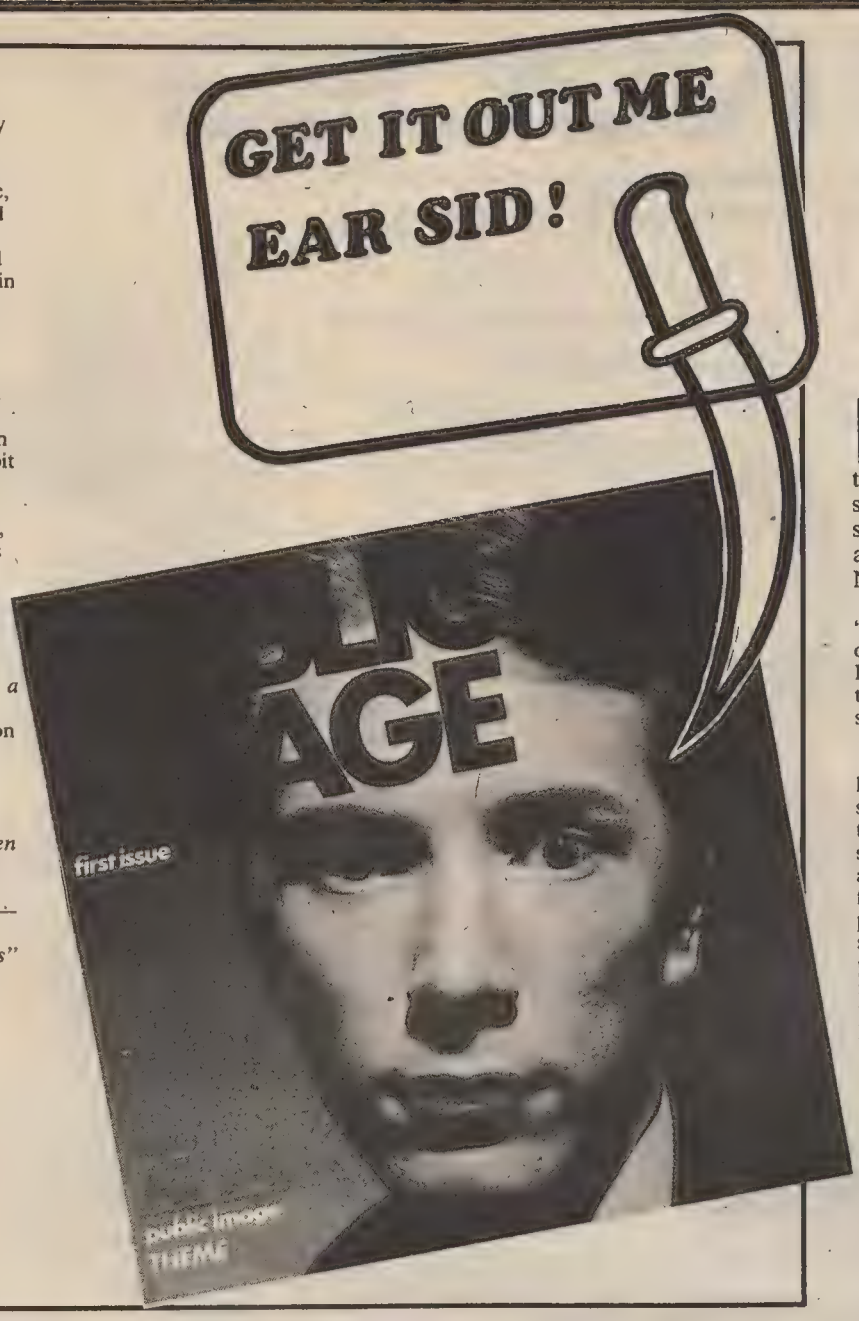
Robert Wellington, Exmouth, Devon — *"I thought Johnny Rotten was a defective contraceptive until I discovered PIL"*

Sandra, Kentish Town, London — *"How can I be saying something when my bleedin' mouth ain't open. What am I, a bloody ventriloquist?"*

Mick Ledingham, Truro, Cornwall — *"I bet Mick Ledingham of Truro, Cornwall, would love a pair of tickets"*

Finally, an honourable mention to Anon of Somewhere who sent in *"PIL's grim progress."*

THRILLS



HEARTBREAK HOTEL

(Half portions for children)

ELVIS (the dead one) is in the news again. Hot on the tale of the housewife who traded suburbia for plastic surgery and a publicised freak show comes the story of yet another Presley impersonator, Nathan Anzaldua.

On stage he belts out the words to "Teddy Bear". Wipes a sweaty palm on his white and rhinestone cat suit. Bids farewell to a raptuous audience, then it's straight home for a midnight snack of cookies and milk.

Nathan Anzaldua is six years old.

"His moves and style are so much like Elvis' you forget Nathan is a six-year-old," bubbles Ishmael Lowe, the man who spotted this chubby schoolboy in a hip-swivelling situation and immediately signed him to a four-city tour. How anyone could possibly confuse the two is open to speculation, especially as the pip-squeak protege comes up only to navel-level when a life-size picture of the real Elvis is projected on stage. But pack them in he does. Audiences in Colorado thrill to pre-adolescent renditions of "Love Me Tender" and "Are You Lonesome Tonight", sung, presumably, to the tooth fairy.

He doesn't smile ("Elvis didn't smile"), but in every other way 'lil Nat is just like any average, ordinary child with $20,000 pocket money.

"He gets bags of fan letters, practices every night, but at heart he's just a little boy who gets into all the normal mischief," beams his mother Miz Lucille.

Stay away from the fried banana and peanut butter sandwiches, kid, and you'll do alright.

On other Presley fronts, the song which was being marketed as a previously unreleased original, "Tell Me Pretty Baby", has turned out to be a hoax. It was supposedly recorded by Elvis in Phoenix in 1954, several months before the country hick discovered Sun Records and international stardom. Vernon Presley took a break from passing the graveside hat to sue Cin-Kay Record Distribution of Nashville, and preventing them from shipping more than the 18,000 copies already out. The vocals actually belong to unknown singer Mike Connally, who didn't realise he was getting into all that mischief.

And in Greensboro, North Carolina, people aren't getting into anything at all. Seems that two separate productions, designed as tributes to the life and times of Eee the Pee, have been cancelled due to lack of interest. The first was a 'Living Legend' concert featuring Earl Owensby, an NC filmmaker and actor who plans to release a movie next year which he calls "a musical Rocky". The good citizens of Greensboro, recognising a stinko when they hear about it, purchased only 200 of the 15,000 concert tickets. A week before, Colonel Tom himself put together and promoted an event entitled 'Always Elvis'. It, too, was cancelled, with 2,000 tickets left unsold.

Is this a sign that the great greedy Presley rip-off is coming to a close? Or do you just have to be young and work hard at your homework in order to get away with it?

Somebody give Parker 'lil Nathan's number, quick.

MARTHA ELLEN ZENFELL

THRILLS

SPOT THE BOZOS COMPETITION

WHEN THE Lone Groover was but a twinkle in Benyon's eye, these macho dudes were strutting their stuff all over the metropolis. They played a few gigs as well.

But the question is — who are these masked marauders? Obviously not The Moody Blues. They don't look much like Public Image either, though they could be an early version of The Blockheads. *(No, they're not. —Ed.)*

Whoever they are, they look like a bunch of tosspots to us — exactly which bunch of tosspots is entirely up to you. The first three correct entries each win a record token.

Answers to: Spot The Masked Bozos, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W.1.

THRILLS

Little El and big El — can YOU tell the difference?

SINGLES

Reviewed this week by ROY CARR

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
THE MEKONS: Where Were You? ***(Fast)***

Just because a group produces, presses and distributes its own discs doesn't automatically afford them preferential treatment around here, though it does sometimes help . . .

Many do-it-yourself records that arrive for review are accompanied with notes complaining bitterly that they've been shown the door by all the majors — and all too often it 's easy to appreciate why many bands are rejected. In truth, they're just not up to scratch.

Any label that turned down the Mekons has no business being in the business, for here is a sublime example of the very best in store-front style, content and production. A highly adventurous and gifted band who not only go out on a limb, but possess the necessary attributes to achieve their musical aims.

As it is, their approach is so simple it defies description.

Fundamentally, the performance is based on a monotonous slashed guitar motif propelled by pristine drumming and fronted by a singer who, with immense presence and a flair for controlled drama, gets increasingly agitated about being given the run-around by the girl of his desires.

Indeed, it's the actual performance, as opposed to a nifty hook-line or an instrumental lick thrown in to increase either the intensity of momentum, that makes this record succeed where so many others fail. "Where Were You?" starts at boiling point and quickly erupts into an anguished fit similar in approach — though not in style — to Costello's most tortured tirades.

A MEKON

ALTERNATIVE SINGLE OF THE WEEK
JERRY LEE LEWIS & FRIENDS: Save The Last Dance For Me ***(Charly)***

It's the 'And Friends' that's the main selling point. Seems that when Shelby Singleton bought out the Sun Records catalogue, he also took delivery of a whole stash of hitherto unreleased and un-documented masters. Apparently, this is just one of many.

Though Charly don't offer a money-back guarantee, a re-print of a recent *Billboard* news item splashed on the back of the pic sleeve suggests that it is indeed The Killer trading off verses with The King (and possibly Carl Perkins) on this spirited interpretation of The Drifters' classic.

Aural evidence suggests that such allegations are true. I think that we can rule out the possibilities of an elaborate hoax or that Jerry Lee used to pal around with one-time Presley vocal-clone Ral Donner. I reckon this track is genuine and as such it's quite magnificent — a timely reminder of when recording sessions used to be fun.

FOOTBALL SINGLE OF THE YEAR
ED BANGER: Kinnel Tommy ***(EMI)***

The ability to motivate Manchester's musical madcaps to gravitate to Tosh Ryan's Didsbury digs has firmly established Rabid Records as the Stiff-styled funny farm of the north. An appreciation of a worm's-eye view of Kop lifestyle is essential in appreciating the mind of Ed Banger (previous of . . . & The Nosebleeds notoriety). For those not indoctrinated in the secret treaties of either soccer spectatorship or Mancunian dialect, the humour will prove inpenetrable. If you are conversed in the above, all will be quickly revealed. Superb sound. Great performance and Kinnel Ed, with a slightly stronger hook line you would've upped yer chance of first division promotion. File comfortably between Jilted John, John Cooper-Clarke and Eddie Waring.

CULTURE: Natty Get Weary ***(Front Line)***

True to their word Culture (with few exceptions) have remained tougher than the rest, and this track, up until now only available on import, is a fine addition to their last Front Line album and "Africa Stand Alone" set. Culture instill in me precisely the same degree of unequalled pleasure as I once derived from the mid-60s recordings of The Impressions, The Isley Brothers and The Miracles. As far as I'm concerned, I can't offer a better recommendation.

XDREAMYSTS: Right Way Home ***(Good Vibrations)***

Though in terms of actual output Ireland doesn't threaten to saturate the international rock market, its ratio of producing acceptable — and in the case of Van Morrison, Lizzy and the Rats exceptional — talent is relatively high. From out of the blitzed Belfast rubble stagger The Xdreamysts who, though they owe a nod and a wink and a swift half to The Rods' "Do What You Wanna Do", suggest that they have enough going for themselves to warrant both attention and encouragement.

THE CRAMPS: Human Fly ***(Vengeance)***

Both Alex Chilton (credited as producer) and The Cramps go a long way towards redeeming their recent ragged reputations. Surf guitar and other electric accessories buzz forbodingly while the rhythm section slowly slog out a menacing tempo over which their singer croaks with conviction. Fine in small doses, but I don't think I could take an album's worth. File between The Surfaris' "Wipe Out" and The 'Oo's "Waspman".

THE RESIDENTS: Santa Dog '78 ***(Ralph)***

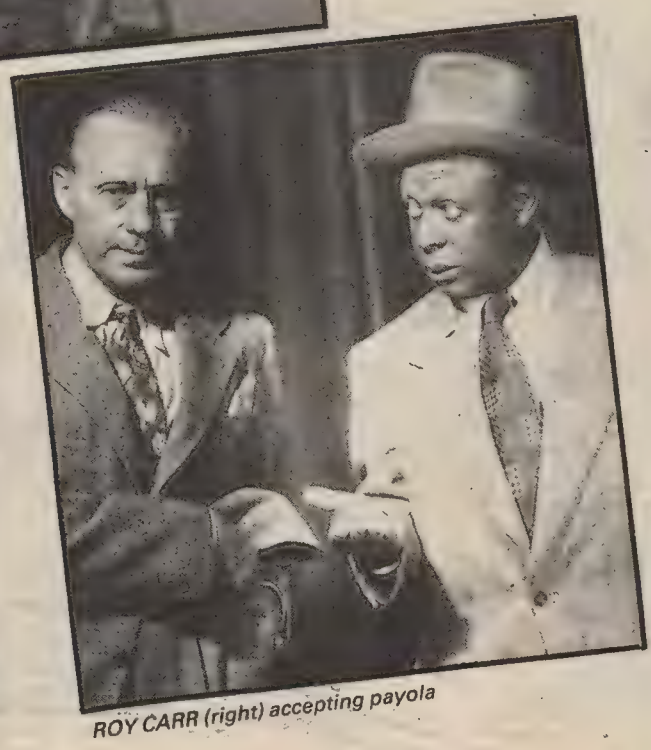
Andy Gill insists that The Residents can only be judged within the framework of their own aesthetics. I don't doubt his word, but as this is the first time one of their records has ever flopped onto my deck, I'm not in a position to add further comment. If you're a Residential then you'll probably know what to expect!

LAUGH, AND THE WHOLE WORLD THINKS YOU'RE CRAZY DEPT.
BINKY BAKER & THE PIT ORCHESTRA: Toe Knee Black Burn ***(Stiff)***

Like so many visionaries before him (the name Da Vinci immediately springs to mind) Antony John Baker has never been acknowledged as a prophet in his own time, never mind in his home town of Brighton.

A man who, under the guise of Randy Grope & the Green Exploding Laxative, was once revered (or was it reviled!) for introducing such Dadaism into rock as Cordon Bleu cuisine — he once cooked a perfect omelette on stage during a memorable performance — Binky once again snubs the sceptics in yet another brave attempt to push back the frontiers of *his* Art. By taking the name of Britain's most beloved and committed DJ, Baker transforms these two precious words into an hypnotic North Country Mantra, making it the most creative play on words since "Hello, Goodbye" and "Ee-I-Addio-We-Won-The-Cup".

Indeed, it's the infectious and irritant factor of Binky's performance coupled with a nation's united love and admiration for the subject of such a warm, heart-felt tribute that, after just a couple of spins, could transform it into the biggest odd-ball hit since "They're Comin' To Take Me Away Ha Ha".



ROY CARR (right) accepting payola

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS: Jaun Lopez (The Lonely Goatherd) ***(Logo)***

The predicament that faces these Piranhas Of Pop Parody is that invariably they get so close to the style of the original they're lampooning that, unless you listen intently to the lyric, attempting to decipher precisely where satire stops and sincerity commences can cause all manner of problems. I firmly believe that the minor success of "Heads Down, No Nonsense, Mindless Boogie" can be attributed to the fact that said single was a bona head-banging biscuit as opposed to a perceptive piss-take of the chosen genre.

This time around, they should have held back the song and entered themselves for the next Eurovision Song Fest. No doubt about it, they'd win, pants down. Now *that* really would be funny!

FARON'S FLAMINGOES: Bring It On To Me/C'mon Everybody ***(Raw)***

During the legendary Merseybeat Goldrush of '63, Faron's Flamingoes — then, one of the better Scouse combos — lost out in the megabuck stampede. Almost a lifetime later they're still on a losing streak. Nobody should have the audacity to cover either a Cooke or Cochran classic (and in this case both) unless one has something positive to add — not subtract. File between La Ronstatdt's "Back In The USA" and Olivia Newton-John's "Summertime Blues".

BLUE SCREAMING: Bland Hotel ***(Albatross).***

The Sound of 1965 Revisited! Roller-rink Farfisa organ oscillates ornately in glorious garagebanderama, tinny drums are thrashed with enthusiastic aplomb while an impassive archetypal Art School vocalist croons hypothetically about being a successful rock artist. You have two alternatives: either file under wishful thinking or between "Arnold Layne" and "96 Tears".

SUBWAY: Jesus Loves Me ***(No Fun)***
MECANO LTD: Face Cover Face ***(No Fun)***

Could be as a direct result of Gruppo Sportivo's moderate success, but it appears that the Dutch new wave play strictly for laughs. instrumentally, Subway are a tight-knit fivesome who waste time and talent on trivialities, while Mecano Ltd. are hilarious without ever realising it and, as such, are nominated as contributors for *NME's* Xmas Bozo Songbook.

THE REASONS: Hard Day At The Office ***(Island)***

Last year it seemed like just about every other group was ranting on half-a-chord about serving time on the dole queue. Times change. This year, The Reasons bemoan the fact that, despite high unemployment, they've actually managed to secure a job. Will next year's popsters belly-ache about having to demean themselves so?

RICHARD ASHWORTH —M.— M.3. REVISITED: Positively Fourth Street ***(Overdrive)***

Sacri-bloody-lege. Rancid reggae retread of one of El Zim's caustic put-down masterpieces. You can bet that Dylan — himself engaged on re-arranging his own back pages — never saw it like this.

SUBURBAN REPTILES: Saturday Night Stay At Home ***(Vertigo)***

Before the introduction of British Airway's Poundstretchers it used to take a good six months for any boat leaving Britain to reach Australia. Judging from this dire vinyl dispatch it takes at least twice as long for the New Musik to reach the colonies, and even then it doesn't travel well. Never mind Saturday nights . . . the Reps, who last time around flaunted the tackiest Nazi chic imaginable and then attempted to deny their stance, should stay put permanently or, better still, be put down. No way are they about to do a bleedin' Bee Gees or a Dame Edna on anybody. Look what happened to The Saints!

THE BOZOS: Weekend Girl ***(Other)***

Unless they're capable of taking on the entire world with one arm tied behind their (collective) back any band fool-hardy enough to trade under the name of The Bozos is really pushing its luck. And luck — I won't even begin to discuss such trivialities as artistic integrity — is something that's extremely thin on the studio floor. Maybe if they changed their name to The Wimps they'd be nearer the truth.

THE DICKIES: Silent Night/Sound Of Silence ***(A&M)***

THE YOBS: Silent Night - in English/Silent Night - in German ***(no label — acetate)***

CSM — wit that he is — just mumbled something to the effect that if punk bands are reduced to ripping off 12-year-old ideas from Paul Simon, what the hell is the world coming to? Not a lot. The aptly named Dickies insist that they're punko parodists. Well you could have fooled me. Thus far in their highly unremarkable career I have yet to discover one iota of humour in their recorded work.

As for The Yobs, common decency forbids me to air my true feelings. All that I will say is that the accompanying press handout states that only 2,000 copies have been pressed and that's 2,000 too bleedin' many.

Happy Christmas!

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THE HUMAN FACE OF HEAVY METAL

. . .was recently obscured by having a plastic bucket jammed over its head. But the macho men of JUDAS PRIEST just smile at such incidents. They also smile when people throw bananas. Here they even smile at BOB EDMANDS.

WHEN K.K. DOWNING plays one of his dramatic guitar solos, he stands in a bright white spotlight so the rays can caress his long blonde hair.

As the solo reaches its climax, K.K. grimaces painfully, and his golden locks dance voluptuously.

K.K. is one of the two lead guitarists with Judas Priest, and while the band muster a million ergs more energy than most heavy metal acts, K.K. at least relies on traditional visuals.

As a result, it's something of a surprise at the end of one number when someone rushes on stage from the wings and dumps a plastic bucket upon K.K.'s exquisite barnet.

For a moment, it almost looks like an assassination attempt. If there'd been water in the bucket, then Mr Downing would have left us with a more flash finale than usual.

As it is, it takes him a while to come to terms with what's happening. The bucket remains on his head for what seems to be an undue amount of time.

Like, who turned the lights out, man?

Finally, he wrenches off his impromptu headgear, and it bounces and bonks across the stage.

Goodbye, heavy metal macho image.

Ah well, no matter — K.K. is a trouper. He smiles at this indignity and gets on with the show.

The show goes on. K.K. takes a solo, returns to the bright white spotlight. Waves those sun-kissed locks.

Suddenly, a hand clutching a canister appears from the wings.

The hand clutching the canister presses a button on top, and K.K. Downing, his hair, and his spotlight all disappear in a cloud of smoke.

When the canister is totally emptied, the hand disappears and the smoke begins to clear. K.K. is revealed once more.

He is still vigorously soloing. He is still smiling.

The show goes on. K.K. is unstoppable.

Suddenly, K.K. is hit by a deluge of bread rolls and a plastic bag containing plastic beakers. K.K. begins to laugh and miss notes.

But he's not the only victim of the mystery saboteur in the wings.

Butch lead singer Robert Halford is hit by a flying banana. Mr. Halford is wearing his butch heavy metal bondage outfit at this stage, and it is not done to be hit by a banana when you're wearing such costume.

Far from rushing offstage to bash his oppressor, Robert's response is to unzip the banana, bite it in half, and chuck the rest into the crowd.

He then proceeds to sing the rest of the song with a mouth full of banana. He also smiles.

Judas Priest are a bunch of smilers.

PREDICTABLY, the reason for all this onstage tomfoolery is that the Judas Priest tour of the U.K. is about to end after a gruelling schedule of some 30 dates. Priest are taking in places off the usual big tour map, and the gig is at Chelmsford in Essex.

The support band, who are called Lea Hart, have already received a ritual pelting from the wings. This is their revenge, and it does seem to be a little over the top.

After all, Judas Priest are stars, and I had to phone up someone and ask them the name of the support act, because I'd forgotten it.

Not that Priest's act was unduly affected. The golden guitarist only missed a few notes, and the band went on to provide an epic rendition of "Genocide", one of the most blissful blitzkriegs in the entire heavy metal genre. Great stuff.

The episode was a revealing one, however, because it suggested that while Judas Priest take their performance seriously enough, they do not stand too heavily upon their dignity.

It's hard to imagine many new wave acts displaying the same degree of tolerance. Few people would risk putting a bucket over the head of Jimmy Pursey, for example, though it might well do him a lot of good.

BACKSTAGE, before the gig, I talked to Robert Halford. He turns out to be a mild-mannered Brummie who brings a phlegmatic detachment to his view of the rock business.

Judas Priest have come in for a fair bit of criticism of late. Some reviewers said their new album was too poppy. Did Halford think it was their best work so far?

"I wouldn't say it was the best one," he says. "We all feel that everything we've released has been worthy of release. This is just another Judas Priest album, really. But I think it has proved itself both in studio terms and in terms of the songs.

"It is our most commercial effort so far. I mean, we didn't plan it that way. It just happens to be what Judas Priest are about at this moment in time."

For all the lukewarm reviews, Priest's new album does rock along at a brisk pace, and Halford says he doesn't favour the familiar ponderous pace that characterises heavy metal.

"The archetypal situation — nice cliche — with heavy metal bands is that they play down-tempo songs and plod along. To be honest, we've got one track on the new album, 'Evil Fantasies', that says everything about that kind of thing. But I feel that heavy metal can cover all sorts of aspects. You don't have to stick to the same old format. There's a tremendous amount of freedom."

Halford himself has also been somewhat slagged for his adopted stage personality.

"What's it called?" he says. "My super-butch macho sado-masochistic leather freak-out gear?"

Halford's been explaining to assorted rock press worthies why he carries a bullwhip onstage. Seems it's just a matter of the providing the right stage props for the particular songs.

At one stage on the tour, he apparently took the criticism to heart, and was then accused of lacking conviction. Which just goes to show that you can't win either way.

Halford's philosophical about it.

"In a rock band, like anything else, you have your ups and downs. I mean, I won't say it's a job. If it is a job, then it must be one of the best jobs in the world.

"You have depressions and highs, and they're not just confined to offstage activities. I can be in position onstage and feel I don't want to be there.

"In fact, I thank God I do feel like that some times, that I'm a normal being with all the qualities of one. Inevitably, you sometimes think, Christ, I wish I could clock off in a minute.

"It's harder for me, of course, with two or three thousand people out there who've probably been waiting for months to see the band. So you have to fight against that kind of feeling.

"I'm sure the people out there — the audience — would understand, though."

But you don't feel like that every night, surely?

"Oh, good grief, no. It's very rare for that to happen. The band is very much on the up at the moment. We've got a very positive approach and we're very happy and contented with everything that's happening. I was just trying to answer your question honestly.

"This band has been together for four years, and I think that shows in our professionalism and tightness. We're an experienced band, and I think that's good."

Halford says Priest's best market in terms of sales is the States, followed by Japan, and then Britain.

After only two visits the band are headliners in a number of places in the States, and it seems that in Japan they can't go out in the street without being mobbed.

That doesn't happen in Britain, of course, but Robert Halford says he sometimes gets stopped in the street by fans who recognise him and he is always flattered.

UNLIKE MOST heavy metal vocalists, Halford has short hair. Given the conservatism of HM audiences, that sounds a bit dodgy. Were fans in the States, for example, ever surprised by his appearance?

"They tend to be," he says. "When you see new bands like Van Halen, they all come on looking like Robert Plant. It's expected.

"Personally, I've always disregarded that approach to it. I don't think your image should be dictated by what earlier people have done.

"I can't stand long hair, to be honest. I used to have long hair right down below my shoulders but one day I thought if I have my hair cut it won't affect the way I sing. So off it came.

"It was always a bit of a nuisance, particularly when you come off stage ringing with sweat."

It must be a shag washing long hair every night.

"Absolutely. Of course, the other guys have got long hair. That's up to them: It's fine by me.

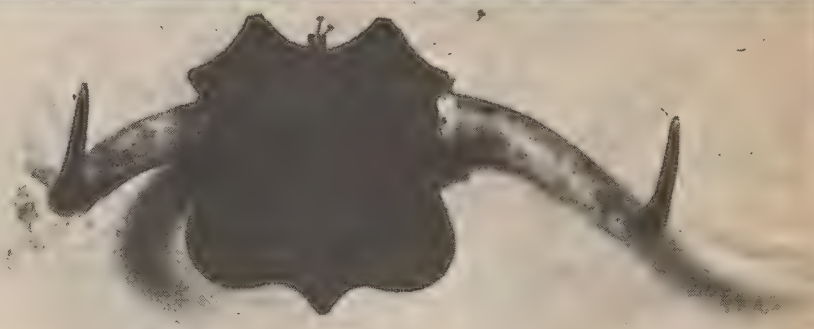
"As far as I know, none of them are going to get it cut."

Then, without apparent malice, he adds: "In fact, I can assure you that K.K. is *definitely* going to keep his hair long."

You bet, Robert, you bet.

Main pic: PHILIP ZARA

Prepare to be destroyed!



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SONET

Rock is an articulate form of inarticulacy — **Bob Geldof.**

Commercial success is a by-product of relevance — **Devo.**

I'm hung up on the fact people have to like me. — **BobGeldof.**

If the creator had a purpose in equipping us with a neck, he surely meant us to stick it out. — **Arthur Koestler.**

I don't believe in fate. I think that to a large extent you get to govern what you do. You can set certain things up that will fall in your favour. Only initially is it accidental. Like the last things that was ever on my mind was that I was going to be a singer in a rock group. That was literally the last thing on my mind. — **Bob Geldof.**

Today: Top Of The Pops Tomorrow: The World

The Day After: Top Of The Pops again

A SMALL COACH speeds out of South London, swerving around grassy roundabouts, stuttering through sore bottlenecks, past blank faces and shapeless bodies that merge, reaching inviting dual carriageways and eventually twisting onto a motorway.

The coach is driven by proud Trevor, whose most recent assignment was collecting Stiff personnel from their ludicrous British Rail capsule and delivering them to hotels and halls. His new role is driving this coach for The Boomtown Rats, at this time number two in the national pop charts, now slipping down but once number one.

NUMBER ONE!!

Think about that. The Boomtown Rats are as 'new wave' as The Clash, as 'punk' as Buzzcocks, but they are a new rock band. Three years old.

A small, smart pack of diverse, dilligent new rock groups have constantly nibbled around the lower, curvier parts of the top ten for some time now: Buzzcocks, Public Image, Banshees, Sham, Blondie, Jam . . . groups like gadgets, sharp, abrasive, noisy, hot, fast moving, vibrating, rotating, who excite followers in numbers totally unimagined a year ago.

A year ago the Rats themselves had already enjoyed chart success, and leadperson Bob Geldof was crudely claiming that in a year's time they would be number one.

But it isn't that easy. The difference between scuttling up to number seven, eight or 17 and heaving right up to number one is massive. It's the way the business is structured. It's the way consumers react. Freaks ("Wuthering Heights", "Up Town Top Ranking") or going concerns (Money B, Travolta-John) get to number one — not grinning, leering six piece rock groups who wear pyjamas and leathers, who play looming, pedantic r&b pop and who are on a run of medium hits.

The Boomtown Rats are a hugely successful rock group. Let's say wildly successful. And Trevor's driving them to Exeter, a date in the middle of a small tour, the last of a hard working year, that levels under the banner 'The Seasonal Turkey Tour'.

THE RATS ARE CLOTS! THE RATS ARE CLOWNS!

The Rats are fun . . . they protest loudly, they're mildly naughty, they're hugely enjoyable unless you find them nauseating. And you might. Geldof wouldn't care if you did. Trevor shifts a gear and Geldof looks over the back of his seat at me.

"A lot of people leave fun out of everything. They refuse to acknowledge it. I remember you doing a review of a single (The Rolling Stones) where you said it was like The Boomtown Rats without the fun or the boom, and to me that says more about the Rats than anything. We thoroughly enjoy what we're doing. I can't emphasise that too much. And then that's directly contradicted with the seriousness of the songs and the care we put into them. We work hard at the arrangements, the words, to achieve complete songs."

We swap yarns about contemporary rock journalism. A lot of Geldof's experience was gained when he himself was a rock journalist, interviewing people from little Richard to Elton John, Eric Clapton to Livvie Newton-John.

He's a rich vessel overflowing with gossip, vignettes, rumours. Some audacious cross between Thomas Wolfe, P.G. Wodehouse and Hilda Ogden. He sparkles in conversation in a way that's impossible to convey in black and white, the rhythm of his words slanted *too* Irish, liyened by pace and tangents, rationalised by articulation and perception, and almost smothered by a continual brutal blarney that is as endearing as it is preposterous. He livens up the most mundane of coach journeys.

LIVELY UP YOURSELF!

Somehow, as Trevor pulls into the middle lane to ease past a lonely A40, Geldof leads into a spiel about meeting a star, an idol, David Bowie. Minutes of images of Geldof's nervousness, Bowie's materialism, astro turf at Earls Court, Bianca Jagger getting her feet kissed by Iggy Pop, lines of limos cramming Earls Court backstage area, tumble and clash as Geldof spurts through his memory banks.

Such surreal tales of an idol's irregular isolation sound odd coming from a mouth showing signs more of a boxer's battering than simple over-use, dominating a face that not long ago dominated your TV screens once a day for four solid days; Geldof and Noel Edmunds were like THAT . . .

GELDOF'S A STAR!

But Geldof's stardom is rooted in realism and observation. He enjoys his fame like you or I enjoy a cheesecake. He accepts it as part of the job. This fame is anchored perhaps impractically in a need for contact with his audience and stuck in constant perspective both by the intact illusions he has for his own idols and his absolute repulsion for any sort of prentension, visually, verbally in print and in image.

"There's no way I'm going to tell the audience what to do . . . if you have a certain amount of respect for your audience, and just refuse to became a demi-god then that's O.K. That's what I want."

Geldof is an entertainer, an individual . . .

NO BIG DEAL!

EXETER IS no big deal. It's like any town in this land. Patched, patterned, its architecture typical and unimaginative, its complexion grey, dark red, smudged.

Exeter is hilly, it hangs subdued on the edge of the moors. The Rats play the University. Geldof naturally checks out the student-civilian ratio, satisfied only when inquiries reveal that it's 50-50.

Like any other town, this one has its starstruck numbers who dribble in during the late afternoon to observe the soundcheck, make nuisances of themselves, grab autographs, revel in half chatting to Geldof and co.

"Phew, he is normal," overacts a cynical young fan who had an offer of a biscuit brusquely but politely turned down by the busy Geldof. Who ever claimed he wasn't?

The Exeter hall is a typical academic assembly hall. At soundcheck time, Geldof becomes obsessively involved. He paces backwards and forwards, looking large and ominous in scarf, leather jacket and heavy boots, between mixing desk and stage, organising lights, noise arrangements brashly and meticulously, silently objecting to the outsiders who are scattered around the hall.

After the soundcheck, a nap at the motel, then back to the university. Trevor bravely shoots the coach down narrow, twisting poorly lit lanes as Geldof, myself and an unintentionally humorous, garishly clad visiting CBS executive run through the problems and dangerous dogmatism of American radio.

So the hours before the days, the years, climax, the hour when the Rats come alive on stage, roll out. In the large, bright dressing room (Exeter

■ *Continues over page*

Will success suck the soul out of Ireland's punkiest show band? PAUL MORLEY gets trapped on tour with THE BOOMTOWN RATS to find out.

From previous page

University is fairly modern) there's a modest, quaint spread of food and drink. Packets of Cheddars, ½lb cheese, fruit, Club biscuits, ham, cheesecake, rolls, beer, coke, bottle of liquor.

Geldof, nervously or naturally, darts througha tale concerning the sax player on "Rat Trap", who now advertises himself as the sax player on the number one hit.

Small sax stuff on this tour is supplied by 'Irish', session man and ex-Stiff, Parker, who fits and looms well.

As the gig approaches, Geldof pleasantly agrees to be interviewed by the University radio. It is natural for him to talk, respond, remember, so why not for a couple of thousand half-hearing campus kids cooking Campbells soup on their oven rings, probably oblivious or unconcerned about the prolonged stimulating experience happening at the University during the night?

The broadcast of the interview goes out while the Rats perform.

In an hour, The Boomtown Rats, pop stars, will play 70 minutes frantic, exhorting unreasonable r&b pop to a thousand kids, a mass ritual of destroyed despair, escapism, and retinal shapes. Flash, force, some kind of mystical mind stretching. Some subtle, subliminal swap of experience, attitude, demands and

EXHILARATION!

And you wouldn't know it looking at this gesturing being thoughtfully mouthing in a cramped room to two scrubbed fumbling student interrogators, or understand the force and assault of the show getting closer if you slipped through a door into the next room and stepped amongst five Rats and a stray sax player giggling and scuffling.

THE BOOMTOWN Rats came together in late 1975. Bob Geldof, cocky ex-labourer, photographer, journalist, busker, teacher, dope head, joined hands with five deft musicians all living within a two miles radius.

The individual members shared a delight for mid-60s r&b pop. Eventually, such affection formed the broad base for tasty, frothy idiosyncratic decoration.

These early days in Dublin, when the group would play three hour sets of personally interpreted reggae, country, rock, pop, also instilled the showmanship and sheer extroversion that Geldof crucially developed as the Rats inevitably leapt from ambition to ambition . . . from completing a rehearsal, to playing a gig, to selling out a local venue, to playing larger halls, to preparing to make records, to coming to England, to releasing records, to touring England, to having a hit, to appearing on television, to having another hit, and another, and another and then . . .

NUMBER ONE!

"I never thought it would get going," reflects Geldof candidly. "It was something to do on a Saturday afternoon. One Saturday I left rehearsals to review a Saturday matinee by The Stylistics. It was like that. I never thought it would get to a gig, and when it did come to a gig I just sort of crapped.

"But after the first song everybody clapped, and it was the same sort of feeling as getting to number one. Like unbelievable."

The Rats developed stongly out in Ireland, smashing house records, earning a raucous 'rock' reputation, in their own way as bad/good/important for Ireland as the Pistols for Britain.

They are now treated similarly reverently/despicably in their country as the Pistols are here.

"Here," mimics Bob, "they threaten; aw, you'll grow up to be a Sex Pistol'; in Ireland it's 'ooh, ya Boomtown Rat ya'."

By the time they came to England, they were precise and proud, and in Geldof all the Rats individual and positive determination and confidence was physically and verbally manifest. With such front they couldn't fail. And they didn't. Geldof recalls major reasons they catapulted to immediate British success.

"Straight away after arriving in Britain we set up the good backing organisation that every band needs just to survive. We toured and to a large extent ignored London, concentrating on the country, the provinces. And then, because we'd signed with the small Ensign label, who were involved with Phonogram, we landed a spot on Phonogram's introductory new wave sampler amongst such names as The Ramones and Patti Smith, and it was really healthy for us to be put in such context.

"And our track, 'looking After No. 1', got really great reviews. So we put a better-mixed version out as a single, which again got good reviews, and got played, and because we thought about playing the provinces, we had the following, and the kids bought the record."

SEE HOW EASY IT IS!

And they've never stopped since. Mixing luck, hard work, shrewdness, consistency, fun, the media, flexibility, and constant ambition, and using that originally hooked audience as bait, they slowly built up their audience.

A small series of not great but apt and assorted singles spun into the charts, each one feeling higher and higher. "Mary Of The Fourth Form", "She's So Modern", "Like Clockwork". No revolution, no revelation. But action fun and vision.

It just goes to show what can happen if you entertain with style and skill.

IN THE university hall, collections of kids swivel, stay still, sit, shout, spill out into corridors and down stairs into the makeshift bar. Fashions, fancies, stances are no different from London or Manchester.

As the lights come down these people stiffen, shove forward, push for a good view, unembarrassedly touching and rummaging unknown colleagues.

Caught for a moment in a scandalised stare, Geldof then lunges out, threatening and comfortably frightening, straining an imaginary leash, his face undulating and ugly, his eyes swivelling as if on stiff springs, his arms and legs wildly triple jointed.

Spanned and crushed out front, the spectators, past the first three rows who are uncaringly slammed and paralysed up against the stage, reached up, vaguely mimic, urge their greetings, uncontrollably dancing in space less than is natural to breathe.

"La la la la la la la", Geldofs mouth manically masticates, spittle spraying out from between his lips caught strangely in the red lights: a damaged, devoted ballet dancer disgraced for his drastic unnatural beauty.

Those who do resist — because they're sat in a balcony and feel comfortable and cut off — seem embarrassed and puzzled by the adventure shared downstairs.

Geldof continues gripping motions of pushing, demanding, twisting, not far off from a frightening fit. The band calmly create the intricate backdrop for his graphic, gross imagination. The audience surrender their egos and lock in. Events go beyond languages' capacities . . . the experience is by definition transcendent.

"As far as I'm concerned," Geldof will tell me, "the ultimate rock'n'roll gig is where it's very difficult to perceive a difference between the audience and the band, and you can try and work towards that consciously or just let it flow, which is the best way.

"I want this thing that the whole gig becomes a psychic communion between audience and band, where the band becomes all but irrelevant except that they are a band. In that way the whole thing destroys itself because on a personal level the whole rock'n'roll thing on stage is a huge catharsis, a purgative of all frustrations. It's like me going to confession when I was ten years old. The weight of wanking would lift from my brain as I told the priest I'd masturbated x times. And at gigs the same thing. It's like a public confession."

The performance develops dramatically, the pacing, pausing, accelerating perfectly planned and effective, Geldof gradually winning the audience's confidence with his tales and raps between songs. Like a more weird Flann O'Brien character, he's offensive, persuasive, unabashed ultimately unsure ...

"I'm a fairly gregarious person. I like socialising. I like talking to people. I will go to people rather than wait for them to come to me. So if you extend that ... I actually saw being on stage as an opportunity to talk to lots of people.

How repelled you are by Geldof's mock manipulative chats depends how seriously you take the Rats' fantasy.

The fantasy reaches an enhanced climax towards the end of of the set — a definite dream state that is immediately nudged by the Rats leaving the stage, the gap between then and returning for the encore used so that the audience can calm down, recover.

Encores are like all round self congratulations, immediate nostalgia for that just gone brief euphoria. As the Rats finish, everyone is still high and enraptured, but feet on the ground ready to go.

The Rats themselves come down from their high like nothing has happened. As ever conscientious, they sign autographs for 50 or so diehards on the balcony after the gig, these wide-eyed fans still warm and glowing.

Trevor drives us back to the motel, band members softly winding down.

At the motel there's one hour in the bar, for drinks and ham sandwiches, the gig all but forgotten. A thousand kids around Exeter cuddle their memories. The Rats drift to bed. I room with Geldof. He gossips me to sleep. About George Harrison and under-age girls in America ... He gossips me awake. About Demis Roussos and sexual as well as food gluttony.

The steady climax to this day's 'catharsis' begins. Another day on the tour. Yesterday's events utterly dicarded.

IT'S A NEW DAY!!

Everyone meets at the coach by 12.00. Trevor fussily pulls himself together, then pulls the coach out of the Devon Motel and makes for Cardiff.

"Before us there was nothing in Ireland, and before the Pistols nothing in Britain ... no rock'n'roll conscience. And whatevers happened that's what I'm most proud of ... my involvement in this new conscience ... a conscience that it is a lifestyle, that it isn't enough to buy a single and just play it, something that means more than a piece of plastic, y'know, and to me it always has.

"Audiences commit themselves so much in Britain because it's the natural thing ... it's a required part of their lifestyle. And that's important to me because it is my lifestyle."

"The Rats are the band that I sing in. I see it as a job.
As a facility. I don't consider myself to be a big deal. But rock 'n' roll along with T.V. and movies is a great 20th century art form.

"I don't see ourselves being any different from the tradition of Bing Crosby, Glenn Miller, Frank Sinatra, the Beatles, Bob Dylan, the Stones. It's all part of the pop music business. Although it took The Beatles to put into our everyday lives."

AT CARDIFF Trevor expertly twists the route through outskirt streets into the city centre to Pull up outside the Park Hotel. The party confirm their booking, collect their keys, and disperse to their rooms.

Minutes latere the party has for some reason reassembled in the reception. The manager has discovered that this large party are actually a POP GROUP!

THE BOOMTOWN RATS! for chrissake!

He wants them out.

Such action seems illegal. The police are called. They can only agree with the Rats position, that their booking has been accepted, a binding contract completed, but they refuse to commit themselves and back the Rats; the manager, two Welsh constables less and less jovially repeat, wants you out and it's his final decision.

Geldof simmers. He wants the manager to explain his decision face to face. The manager refuses to appear. The assistant manager says "it's over my head". The constables act 'impartially'. Geldof gets more and more frustrated. Eventually the Rats party has to leave.

Everyone is angry and alarmed. Geldof feels degraded and hurt.

Another hotel is tried. The Centre. They refuse admission. By now the situation verges on the comic. A third hotel is approached. The Central agrees to put up with these dangerous, scruffy pop hooligans — the ultimate irony being that the owners of the Park are the Central's overseers too.

The hotel staff here are in disguised raptures. It's the Boomtown Rats!!

They stare but don't come close . . they might get contaminated?

The day's messy events push the night's performance further and further out of mind. But the urgent need to get to the Sophie Hall for the soundcheck snaps everything back into perspective. No time to eat, no time to relax. Everyone back onto the coach. Hurry up Trevor!

The hall is spacious and imposing; it could comfortably take 4,000 people and probably would have done had the local council not imposed a pitiful 1600 limit for safety reasons, thus lending that night's performance a peculiar half-derelict ambience.

The dressing rooms at Cardiff are small and dour, food and drink is late in arriving. There is no peripheral glamour even for a group with five straight chart successes. The only glamour is The Performance. The rest is boring, hard work or a little bit of fun.

The soundcheck is long, overflowing into an orgy of old 50s/60s standards, the group augmented by soundmen gleefully warming themselves up. Geldof acts his part emphatically. Just for the hell of it. A little bit of fun.

Back at the hotel, in Geldof's room, we again chat — an hour talking about his and the Rats' development, ambition and justification. His conversation flies all over the place, contradictory, checking itself . . . At the end of this hotel interview, Geldof seems relieved when we discover that the tape machine has failed and much of what's been recorded is of little use.

The interview is part of his act, basically, and he doesn't want any of his interviews to be boring. He knows he represents the band as well as himself, and he is conscientious about it.

THE CARDIFF performance follows the same law and language as in Exeter. It's phenomenal. The set is pivoted around the ten active minutes of "Joey" and "Rat Trap", the six-piece augmented by the saxman Irish.

"Joey" 's coda blurs into the intro, slightly twisted, of "Rat Trap", bumping through a couple of false starts before materialising as the hit.

Response is natural and hearty.

"Rat Trap" was a good number one. Typical of the Rat's blend of sound, words and visuals, Odd, though, that it should have scored so heavily — not just because of its length and build. Among the Rats' collection of songs that parody and pummell, using puns, quotes, sly references — elaborate pop songs that rely on exaggerated hooks — it is, along with "Joey", the most recognisably *Irish* song they do, atmospherically and in motivation.

It could almost be seen as a parody of Springsteen, something Geldof refuses to admit — but all but admits with his lucid denial and explanation of the song(s).

"It was never a parody of Springsteen. 'Rat Trap' I'm actually very serious about. It's about Dublin, street gangs, high rise flats . . . and there are things in there I seriously wanted to say. I never saw it as a parody. The talking bit is just to set a scene. 'Rat Trap' is no Springsteen parody, it's something that's more influenced by Lynott and Van Morrisson . . . in that it's very Irish, as in . . . Morrisson consciously or not used the Irish traditional styles, especially the ballad style, of getting a specific character and writing a whole song about that one character.

That's what they're always doing in Irish ballads, and Morrison came along and put those styles to R'n'B. Like, 'Madam George' and 'Cyprus Avenue', they're almost like short stories in themselves. Lynott did it way back with 'Randolph Tango' . . . both long before Springsteen. I mean, Springsteen listened a lot to Morrison. He just New Yorked it up a bit. I really don't like Springsteen at all."

During Cardiff's show — intercourse — I wander lonely as a voyeur through the audience. Geldof challenges, regales, harangues the audience, leading them on, using them, being used . . . the group cut, carve and crash with fire and commitment. Occasionally, the lights flash on the audience's up-turned faces, freezing a whole collection of totally individual reactions to the fantasy . . . eyes are shut, wide open, damp, jealous, imploring, mouths are are smiling, tight lipped, erratic, bodies are rigid, balanced, crushed, dancing.

The peak of euphoria is visibly achieved, where the outside world is obliterated and an inside world is hot and recognisable. Everyone is important in this response. Geldof proudly, irresponsibly conducts, thinking intently all the time what he's doing. Or it becomes meaningless.

Those 70 minutes, during which the Rats connect and affect are . . . different. The fantasy effect is fascinating. That's where the glamour is . . . on that stage, supreme, sublime, symbolic, a Nietzch fantasy, a structured noisy melodrama.

So what?

Shut up!

It's not isolated or distant. Tingles down the spine, or what. Is *this* rock'n'roll, or is it too late.

"If kids don't leave a Rats gig totally drained, as exhausted as I am when I've finished then I feel I've failed quite a lot."

And the group seem so LARGE!!

After the performance, a return to reality.

Autographs. Geldof insists on going out front to talk with people. But as his fame grows, so do the gaps in communication. More and more fans just swamp him, the demand for autographs being the extent of their foolhardiness. To actually engage in constructive criticism of the Rats' performance is way beyond their ambition. Geldof is frustrated by this, but it's way beyond his control.

Eventually, those who matter, and one or two others, clamber onto the coach and Trevor pulls off back to the hotel. As the coach eases past stragglers leaving the hall, frozen faces spring into impulsive recognition.

THE NEXT morning the group collect in the foyer for some Pennie pictures. A gaggle of schoolgirls have, at the sixth attempt, found out where the group are staying and risking the wrath of teachers collect autographs.

Sticking together out of nerves in the centre of the hallway, like some silly scrum, they sigh and squeal openly at everyone, giggling at Fingers' pyjamas, bravely telling Geldof that they've skipped chemistry to be there.

As they happily drift away to bore their school chums with their triumph, a hotel waitress moves in for the kill — and with chilling discipline strictly informs the smirking group how she wants her sets of autographs laid out. When it's all over, the group slump drowsily in their seats, and fondly recall their first autographs.

These side effects, Pennie's pictures at Cardiff Castle that morning, my presence, TV, glossy magazine spreads, etc etc are treats, trials, mere frivolities next to that basic indulgence of the stage performance. They are necessary, irritating, appealing.

"I like being Bob Geldof . . . I like people recognising me. It asserts my individualism, and I need that."

At 12.00 Trevor drives the coach back to London. No gig today. No ostensible need for bothering with frills. But there is never any relaxation.

Geldof is still concerned how he is going to appear in print. After half an hour's drive he wakes me up and demands we converse. It's Geldof the businessman. Sharp. He visualises the piece as it is so far and attempts to fill in some gaps. Geldof is not a manipulator of the media; he is its master. He masters TV, for instance. As far as I'm concerned it was the way Geldof delivered "Rat Trap" on *Top Of The Pops* that pushed it to number one.

"Yeah, we utilise TV very well. Most people refuse to utilise it properly. They think it's just a lump of metal. But it's not, it's a channel into someone's living room, and the object for me is to hit the person sitting there so they react, switch off, turn it up. Something.

"I have absolutely no qualms about doing *TOTP. Magpie. The Val Doonican Show*, no qualms whatsoever. It's like appearing on the K-Tel thing — since we've done that there's loads of bands who'll do it. It's never a conscious thing that we were trying to change things, it just seemed the natural thing to do. Why not? There's six posers in this band. I really just feel that I manifest in a much more physical way what the rest of the band feel. That's probably why we get on so well.

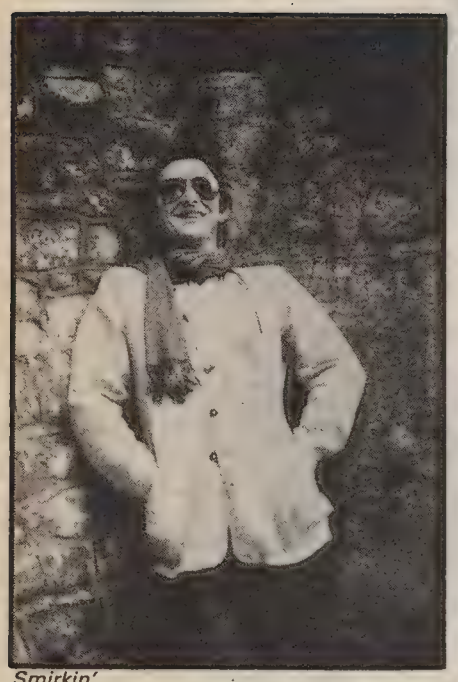
"Everyone thinks that I'm like a master puppeteer, they think that to get where we've got I must have been incredibly manipulative, but it's all been so incredibly amateurish and off the wall. We've no masterplan. I have an ability to communicate. That's all. It isn't saying much."

Geldof's extensive and full chat is just a front for the actual confusion and inadequacy he feels in terms of motivation and justification. It could almost be said that he creates out of defence. Yet the Rats contrive only to entertain and enjoy — what kind of standards do we impose on that!

Geldof and the Rats are the very best rock'n'roll entertainers EVER . . . alert

Continued page 45

All pix: PENNIE SMITH



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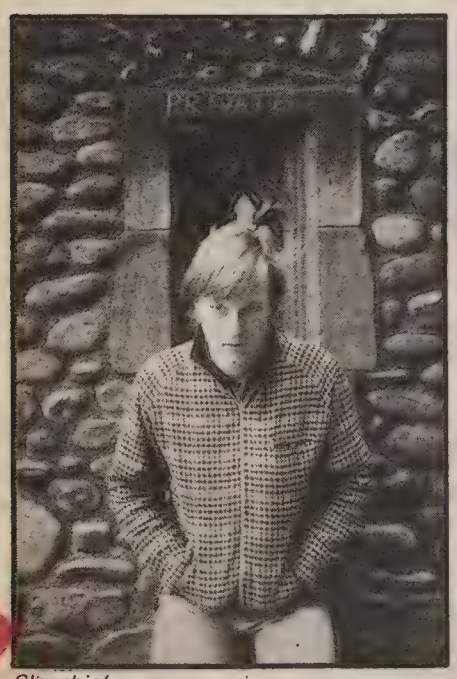

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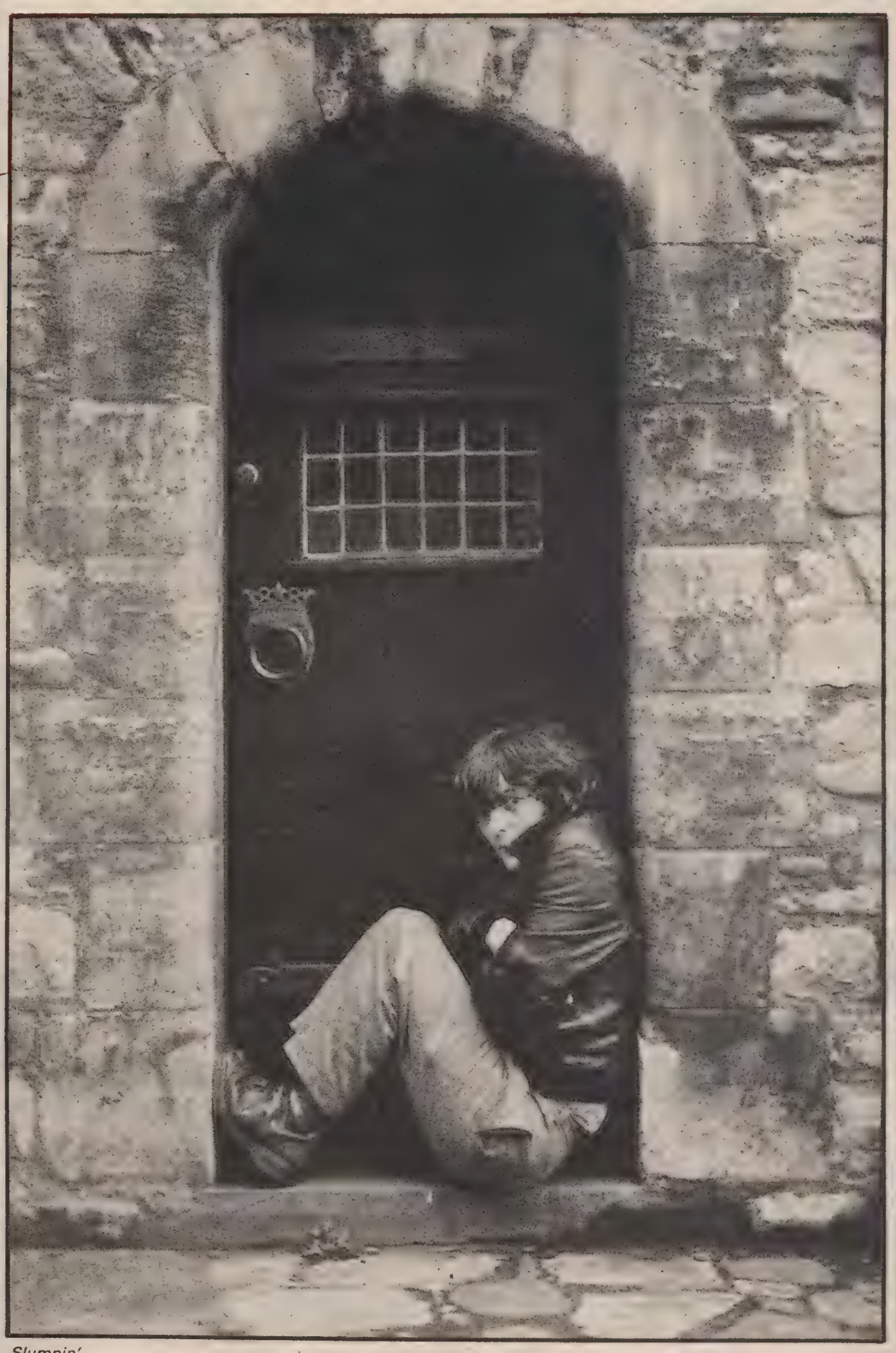
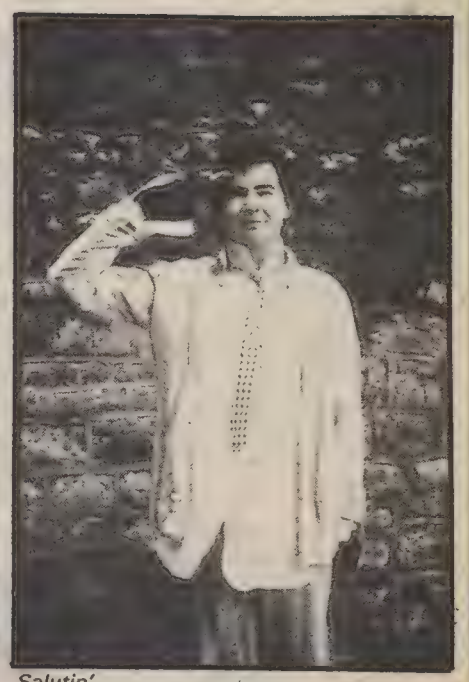


Slumpin'...

Sleepin'...

Servin'...



Salutin'...

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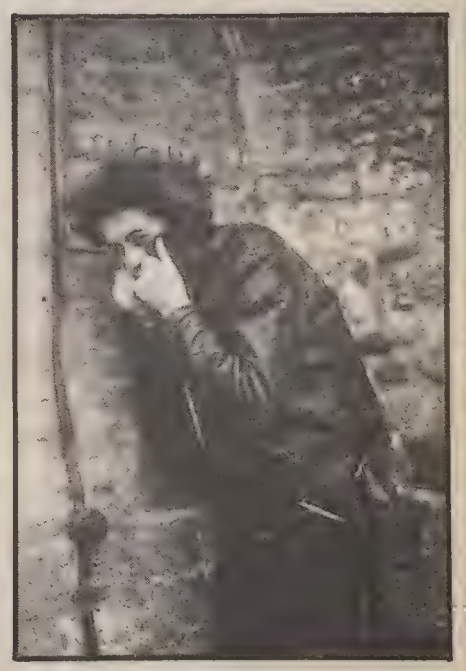

Skivin'...

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ALBUMS

So he said to me "Aren't you John Cooper-Clarke?", and I said "How long is a piece of string?"... *DAVE SIVIOUR*

Stuck inside of Tokyo with the Sony Mobile blues again

BOB DYLAN
Bob Dylan at Budokan
(CBS/SONY Import)

And lo, as the Yuletide season beckoned, the sound of voices united in one tone of joyous thankfulness across the land. Cue the rustle of wrapping paper as it is merrily torn and then a sighing chorale of "Darling, our first Japanese import album!"

Sixteen quid and fifty pence worth of prestige-encrusted vinyl buys you "At Budokan", flown over direct from the land of the rising sun for those of us with well-padded wallets and a near-obsessional *yen (Very good, Kent —Ed)* to check out the latest waxings from the Big Zim.

The format and the presentation make the price tag scarcely a snip. You'll find approximately a hundred minutes of music spread over these four sides, but there are no unrecorded or unreleased songs present, even though virtually all the 22 numbers are granted radically new arrangements and it's all packaged in an attractive low-key gatefold sleeve. The set *should* be released by UK CBS in February.

Meanwhile, it seems sad — to this mind at least — that Dylan's most active year in the '70s should also have coincided with easily the most savage drubbing the man's had to suffer from the critics since the very outset of his career. Granted, Dylan's *Renaldo & Clara* film was an irredeemable self-indulgence, but the fact that the uniform trashing it received in the States appeared to provide a bonus-bias with which to belittle the excellent "Street-Legal", this veered upon the criminally perverse.

Fortunately here in Britain we were provided with no such precedent *(Renaldo* appeared some time after "Legal" and the Earls Court concerts) and thus could more easily view the musical achievements of both Earls Court and Blackbushe. The concert represented here was in fact taped just prior to Dylan and his new band's return to LA and subsequent recording of "Legal" and, as such, presents the listener with a few obvious shortcomings in regard to its prematurity.

More to the point, "Budokan" tends to fall in with the other two live Dylan efforts of recent times, the hesistant "Before The Flood" and particularly the downright scrappy "Hard Rain"; it's so evidently an unbalanced collection of rearranged songs that its hit-and-miss rating tends to dampen the potency of the whole undertaking.

As some slight benefit, the worthwhile portions do tend to run for the length of whole sides. Side one and four bear the brunt of the forgettable retreads whilst sides two and three generally push home the goods.

Side one, for example, consists of pleasantly inconsequential revamps of "Mr Tambourine Man", flat and lifeless with some silly flute-tooting over an unbecoming pacing, "Shelter From The Storm", a sluggish neo-gospel workout, "Love Minus Zero", the best of the batch but still veering closely to muzak, "Ballad Of A Thin Man", the Gothic sound of the original getting into Vaudeville here, and, finally, "Don't Think Twice", merely semi-competent white reggae.

Similarly side four piles pablum upon pablum in the form of a downright clumsy stomp-up of "All I Really Want To Do", a version of "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" that makes the song sound like nothing so much as "Winoweh", a "Forever Young" that sounds sluggish and uninspired (although Steve Douglas' sax deserves some acclaim), and a tepid encore of "The Times They Are A-Charging". The only worthwhile song on the entire side is a fierce "It's Alright Ma — I'm Only Bleeding" which rocks out with an almost heavy-metal sense of dynamics — a trifle suspect at times, especially Billy Cross' guitar hero histrionics in the foreground, but still feisty enough to connect.

But now we've cleared the path to the better bait. Side two's superiority is heralded from the outset with a rivetting "Maggie's Farm" which draws this often excellent band into fine focus with a blitzing Stax-Volt riff which swings high and hard. This is the goods — Dylan and company complementing every nuance of the song in question, shifting certain emphases but always adding and recharging instead of merely purloining and changing for its own sake. "One More Cup Of Coffee" follows well, even though it's hardly classic Dylan.

"Like A Rolling Stone" falls into line too, neatly using an arrangement closely akin to the original 1965 single with similar pacing, textures of smokey organ and ringing guitar, with only Douglas' bleating sax and the three girl chorus adding sprightly punctuation. A worthwhile near-duplication.

A subdued and yearning "I Shall Be Released" keeps everything on an even keel and only a paltry note-for-note rendition of "Street-Legal's" "Is Your Love In Vain" besmirches a superb side which ends finely with a masterly and punchy "Going Going Gone", this complete with totally new lyrics (not particularly good ones, mind you).

Side three starts out badly with a shmaltzy "Blowin' In The Wind", with ugly echoes of Neil Diamondish opulence and self-centredom but shapes up with a stately "Just Like A Woman". "Oh Sister" cops Steve Winwood's "Gimme Some Lovin'" riff, but somehow transcends that debt by a sultry, mysterious exchange between Dylan and the girl singers.

"Simple Twist Of Fate" takes the place of "Tangled Up In Blue", Earls Court's musical highpoint for me, but fails to convince, becoming straddled in an Edith Piaf-like cocoon of sugar-kill. The latter's shortcomings are only emphasized by a stunning "I Want You" with just flute and synthesiser providing a serene spareseness to the song (in this instance, bereft of its original last verse).

By my reckoning, "Budokan" provides the discerning infatuee with at least a solid 50 minutes of valid rejuvenation. But this is not definitive Dylan, nor would I consider it anywhere near as essential as, say, "Street-Legal", especially at its current asking price. The 1966 Royal Albert Hall bootleg still has no contenders.

Nick Kent

THELMA HOUSTON
Ready To Roll *(Motown)*

Thelma Houston has been underrated for several years. Her fine 1973 album for Mowest was undeservedly ignored, and it wasn't until last year's hit "Don't Leave Me This Way" that she began to receive a little of the attention she warranted.

"Ready to Roll" is a good, solid album, a mixture of uptempo disco and strident ballads, but it doesn't have the necessary sparkle to build on the single's success. The arrangements are attractive, but predictable; the songs fairly mundane. There's a strange mix, too — bass and drums upfront, as you'd expect, but the rest very dense — a thick wedge of sound that tends sometimes to just clump along.

Still, Ms Houston has a strong, versatile voice — growling through the punchy "Midnight Mona", a paean to an independent disco lady, and handling with equal assurance the plaintive emotionalism of "Am I Expecting Too Much".

Well, maybe I am, but "Ready To Roll" seems altogether too safe an album. There's little to fault, but little to shout about either.

Graham Lock

Some hope!

Did you know an unplanned baby is born in Britain every few minutes?

The trouble is, it's a great deal easier to start a baby than you think, especially if you take chances.

A man takes a chance if he just hopes the girl is on the pill or is 'safe.'

A girl takes a desperate chance if she just hopes he'll withdraw. (A man sometimes promises to withdraw and then doesn't. And even if he does withdraw, you can still get pregnant).

If you're a man at least ask the girl if she's on the pill and wear a contraceptive if she's not. You can buy them from chemists, barbers or slot machines.

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IMPORTS

To buy or not to buy, that is the question.

The item inspiring such a diabolical pun is **Moon Martin's** "Shots From A Cold Nightmare" (Capitol), a betterthanaverage singer-songwriter set from the lunar module who provided the world with Mink De Ville's "Cadillac Walk", Michelle Phillips' "Victim Of Romance" and other ditties of more dubious fame.

Thing is, "Shots" is a strong album, full of great toons and solid playing — by the likes of Martin (guitar), Gary Valentine (ex-Blondie bassist), Craig Leon (the keyboardist who also produced this whole deal), Willie Alexander (he of Boom Boom Band notoriety), and Phil Seymour (once drummer with Dwight Twilley).

Now Martin is no great shakes as a vocalist — if ever a voice was meant for demos, it surely is his. But when it comes to putting down dots in a logical sequence, he's no backseater, "Victim", which he re-vamps here, being a tasty, "New Girl In School"-type opus, indicative of the Beach Boys at their finest, while such other cuts as "Hot Nite In Dallas" and "Hands Down" are among the goodies which, if nudged in the right direction, could enable MM to get his phiz on some up and coming copy of "Smash Hits".

So you should buy the album straight away, right? Wrong! For the news is that British Capitol are planning to release "Shots" in a somewhat unique form come January — that's if they've got enough loot left over from their Xmas booze-up. So you can either buy now and impress your friends over Yuletide, or wait and see what surprises Brit-Cap may have in store.

If you're a Peter Frame family tree addict, you'll probably have observed the name **Nashville West** somewhere near the top of his country-rock sequoia. Formed by Clarence White, Gib Guilbeau, Gene Parsons and bassist Wayne Moore, Nashville West, an outfit that also featured Glen D. Hardin, Lloyd Green, Gram Parsons and Sneaky Pete along the way, sparked off the whole California cowboy bit way back in the mid-'60s, band-bussing it around the West Coast until White opted for ornithology and became a Byrd in '68.

"Nashville West" (Sierra/Briar), a live album cut in 1967, proves the band to be an interesting, if less than mind-blowing affair, offering such semi-cajun items as Guilbeau's "Louisiana Rain" and "Sweet Susanna" alongside Merle Haggard's "Send Me Back Home", Tom T. Hall's "Washed My Hands In Muddy Water", Chuck Berry's "Memphis" and innocuous crowd-pleasers like "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" and "Green, Green, Grass of Home", these starring Gene Parsons in the role of crooner for the night.

Recorded on Parsons' home Sony, the disc can be obtained from Mike's Country Room, 18 Hilton Avenue, Aberdeen, Scotland.

EMI's Import sheets for September and October have just arrived (what kept ya, fellas?) and includes **Klaatu's** "Sir Army Suit" (SW 11836), **Focus** with **P. J. Proby** "Focus Con Proby" (5C 064 25713), **Telephone's** "Telephone" (2C 066 14506), **Fleetwood Mac's** "The Best Of" (REP 44138), **Otis Redding's** "Dock Of The Bay" (40.076), **Wilson Pickett's** "Star Collection — Vol. 2" (MID 20078), **Soul Children's** "Open Door Policy" (STX 4105), **Carly Simon's** "Two Originals Of" (ELK 62015) and **Judy Collins'** "Most Beautiful Songs Of" (ELK 62006). All can be ordered at *any* local stockists.

Fred Dellar

The Brides of Funkenstein flag down the missing Mothership.

(Ta daaa!!! Trumpets, fanfares, hernias, etc.)

Here come de Brides!

(Evahbody know dat dey is de Brides)

BRIDES OF FUNKENSTEIN
Funk Or Walk ***(Atlantic)***

PARLIAMENT
Motor Booty Affair
(Casablanca)

If rock stars had the kind of union that insisted on overtime bans and frowned on over-productivity, George Clinton would undoubtedly be the subject of some peculiarly unpleasant industrial action.

See it now: there's Clinton in the dock at some industrial tribunal or other alongside Bootsy Collins and Gary Shider and Fred Wesley and the multifarious rest of the Parliafunkadelicbootsy-bridesadelicment Thang (haveta be a fairly capacious dock to get them suckers in to begin with) accused of making TOO DAMN MANY ELPEES and showing up their lazier l-dren something cruel and shocking.

Having probably produced more albums this year than most people do in their entire careers, it would be expecting too much of a man — even one possessed of Clinton's ludicrous degree of creativity and all-purpose deranged inspiration — that every single one of these albums should be totally, 100 per cent funktional.

At its best, the Clinton mating of Sly Stone, Frank Zappa, Jimi Hendrix and the Firesign Theatre is nigh-on irresistible. You can think, groove, dance and giggle all at the same time to "Mothership Connection", "Clones Of Dr Funkenstein", "Chocolate City" et al, and who else can match this amazing bargain offer?

The latest brace herewith disgorged levels out as follows: one signal success (marred only by a couple of cuts which, if they became hits, would prejudice initiates who hate disco against Clinton and his ilk for uncounted eons or, at the very least, the indefinite future) and one album wherein Clinton's tried-and-trusted Parliament formula begins to show a few signs of wear and tear.

The Brides Of Funkenstein are Parliafunkabootsyment chorines Lynn Mabry and Dawn Silva (according to a casual cover note above the musicians' credits). They don't get their photos on the cover, which is a pity, because even though the android sex machines depicted in the front-sleeve painting are fun, it would have been nice to see their faces. Anybody sings that good and this listener wants to know what they look like. Mabry and Silva sing like *people* not artefacts and the group name and cover graphix cast them as just more clones from Clinton's circus.

"Disco To Go" opens up the proceedings with a roaring groove (it's an old backing track with new jive over the top) over which the Brides rap, sing, scream and generally funk about in Clintonfunkadelicatessenment manner, while "Warship Touchante" does similar stuff: battleshipgalacticafluff along the lines of Labelle played for laughs. "Nappy" is infuriating mock-Dixieland; it sound like a Boney M outtake, could well be a smash hit and is only saved by the superlative bass (said bass is a pleasant bonus on the other cuts, but virtually the sole *raison d'etre* of this'n).

What follows is fare of a far more substantial nature. "Birdie" squarely confronts the relationship between disco sex and the real thing: the dialogue between the women and the screwdriver-jiver with the pulling spiel is a Clinton tour-de-force, demonstrating once again the extent to which a satirist's weaponry can devastate when applied *without* humorous intent.

Over on the second side — a brace of the most achingly beautiful modern soul ballads of the year. "Just Like You" and "When You're Gone" are soul music of the highest and most committed variety; by comparison "Love Don't Live Here Any More" is flat and shallow and incurably one-dimensional. Again, vocalists of the sensitivity and power of Mabry and Silva deserve better than to be hidden under a sneakysassy-groovealisticsnapjive concept.

The closure "Amorous" is quality discofluff lightyears behind its groovemates but still fun, but the standard of the best material on "Funk Or Walk" is truly exceptional and you should be thinkgroove-dancegiggling to it before you're a moment older.

Back on his own turf, Clinton would seem to be proving with Parliament's "Motor Booty Affair" that his relentless prodigality is in an ongoing counter-productive running-out-of-licks situation. Standard Parliafare with an aquatic theme (plenty of boings and gurgles and jive), but only ahead of the pack if you compare it with other folks' work. By the standards set on earlier Clintonandhis-merrygangoffunketers releases, this one drowns in its own smears.

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS ARTISTS
No New York ***(Antilles Import)***

I was wearing headphones. My teeth were aching again, and the lump behind my left ear was still as bad as ever. All 16 of them stank of Art School — should I even *try* to listen?

Rationalize, better than phensic. "No New York" is a set piece, involving Brian Eno in the production and promotion of four newer New York rock bands.

Cover design, photograph, and record production are by Brian Eno (biological Brian, the laundromat any band can afford to use), of course. NY is the perfect "scene" for bustling Brian — always going somewhere, talking to someone, reading or half-reading something, playing with friends, on the whole neatly avoiding any full, lasting commitment to any one idea or implication (this excused with typically NY Arts Umbrella excuses, c.f. Warhol and all that school, the artist's privilege being Art enough).

So Brian picks amongst the brambles and comes up with four 'experimental' bands, post-Patti and Pistols, just in time for Christmas.

The Contortions look like a meek, plain, excitable lot, desperately trying to attract attention to themselves in time-honoured fashion, like Suicide or Richard Hell, so one hears. A six piece, they use sax, drums, slide guitar, guitar, bass and 'Acetone' organ. James Chance's vocals are recorded-in-a-cupboard anguish. If they just let go, flopped, felt plain, and let that bass and drums develop along the lines suggested, they would be nicely uncommercial rather than stiffly uncommercial. But — what are they talking about?

Teenage Jesus and The Jerks are a trio, with ex-groupie Lydia Lunch collecting NY critics' slavering "intuitive" and "intellectual" salads. Mannered mirthlessness. Or maybe she *is* that mannered and mirthless. Maybe I am. Maybe we all are. Maybe this is the end of civilisation as we know and titter at it.

A rock band for a John Waters' film — where *everybody* is mannered and mirthless and shouts all the time. Ahhh, I see, and I suspect they don't know what they're talking about.

Mars are a quartet of severed seriousnesses and splish-sketch like post-"Horses" Patti siren wailing. The poses are drawn. It's always raining (I do fancy their drummer Nancy though). But their avoidance of ordinary traps and tricks is impressive, although their use of sound-as-pure-sounds is as yet immature and artificial. Love to see you live (and talk to you, not just you, Nancy).

D.N.A. are another trio and the most forceful, non-aligned, and have the most successful garage-or-loft-or-squat sound of the four. A snapping, Neu-ish guitar, hard-jazz drumming, primitive but responsible, and some alien organ — somewhere between Blondie and The Fall, but probably not a missing link. D.N.A. are a dub noise somewhere between Ornette Coleman and . . .

I will just have to keep up this pretence up until I die. Or Brian Eno produces me. Or Samuel Beckett mothers me. Or Patti sits on my face. Or Julie. Or Nancy . . .

Ian Penman

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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

New light on Moondog

WITH reference to your mention of Moondog (Louis Hardin) in your *NME* import column (11.11.78) I would like to the facts published therein. While it's true that CBS did release an album by the old man back in '69, they also released a second LP in the U.S. only, this being called, not surprisingly, "Moondog 2" (Columbia KC 30897).

This album, like the first, was produced by Guercio, but, unlike the first totally instrumental album, featured all Book One of the so-called "Moondog Madrigals" — these being a series of 25 rounds or canons (like those old "Frere Jacques" and "Three Blind Mice" nursery rhymes) arranged for four, five, six and seven part harmonies,sung by Hardin and his daughter June, the last piece on the album being a harp instrumental.

Only four or five back-up musicians were used on this album as opposed to the cast of 1000s on the first one. The four-part rounds date back to the early '50s, all the others being completed in 1968 and possibly the best-known piece on the album is "All Is Loneliness" (the very first one he wrote, apparently, back in '51), which was covered by Big Brother and The Holding Company. — **PETE ELLIS, Barnston, Dunmow, Essex.**

● Cor! I was beginning to think that only me and Tom Waits (born 1948, died 1955) had ever heard of the old fella. Incidentally, I recently checked through Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia Of Jazz* and discovered that at one time Moondog not only completed a perpetual calendar covering the period 44 BC to 3200 AD but also found time to fit in an album with Julie Andrews for the Angel label. Now this is the sort of stuff which *real* legends are made!

MOONDOG pictured on his "Moondog" LP sleeve (CBS).

CAN YOU tell me if Sham 69 ever recorded on the Step Forward label? — **JIM, A United Kid From Sheffield.**

● Tis true, O little Hillsboro hero. Pursey and Co cut a three track single, "I Don't Wanna"/"Ulster"/"Red London" on Step Forward SF4. And being a truly magnanimous personage, I will now give a plug to *Zigzag* (no.89), which contains a 28-page catalogue listing all available goodies on the small labels, plus details of where to obtain same. Needs, Frame, Tobler etc. — you know where to send the cash, right?

I have a puzzle for you regarding the band It's A Beautiful Day. I have three recordings of theirs, namely "Marrying Maiden", "Choice Quality Stuff" and "It's A Beautiful Day", and I have read about an album called "At Carnegie Hall", though I can't find any mention of it in any discography — likewise two other albums, "1001 Nights" and "Today". Could you tell me anything about these discs and maybe where to get them? — **JOHN PECK, Burnt Oak, Edgware, Middx.**

● What can I tell you? (Says he, sucking a lollipop). All six albums you mentioned were released in this country, "At Carnegie Hall" appearing on CBS 64929, "1001 Nights" on CBS 65812, and "Today" on CBS 65483. However, sales were hardly up to K-Tel standards and by the end of '75 all had disappeared from the catalogue and have since become hard to come by. Since the band split, violinist David LaFlamme, who was Day's mainman, has cut a couple of solo albums and can currently be heard on Papa John Creach's new album "Inphasion" (DJM DJF 20545), a disc that contains the umpteenth version of LaFlamme's "Silver Bird".

WHEN DID Jerry Lee Lewis start recording and what did he do proir to his signing for Sam Phillips' Sun label? Also, is ther a current album available with all (or most) of his hit records on it?—**JOHN ALEXANDER, Perivale, Middx.**

● The Killer, who was born in Ferriday, Louisiana, in 1935, always seems to have been tied into the music biz somewhere along the line. Brought up in a family well steeped in gospel music — his parents sang and played at the Assembly of God church — Jerry Lee stomped the 88s at an early age and played his first public gig in 1948 at the local Ford car agency, introducing a new model.

Much influenced by country pianist Moon Mullican (who had two million sellers on the King label), Lewis cut a demo in Shreveport, Louisiana, during 1954, his first Sun single, "Crazy Arms"/"End Of The Road" (Sun 259), being released in 1956. His next release, "A Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On"/"It'll Be Me" (Sun 267), then zonked its way up the pop charts, reaching third spot on the *Billboard* totem pole, after which even folk in deepest Accrington (sorry, Jon!) got to hear of him. Recently both Charly and Phonogram have released albums to tie-in with the Killer's British tour, Charly issuing "20 Original Rock'n'Roll Hits" (CRM 2001), a compilation formed from the best of Lewis' Sun material, while Phonogram have back-to-backed two live albums, "The Greatest Live Show On Earth"/"More Of The Greatest Live Show" (Mercury 6641 869), this double also featuring such perennials as "Whole Lotta Shakin'," "What'd I Say", "Roll Over Beethoven" etc.

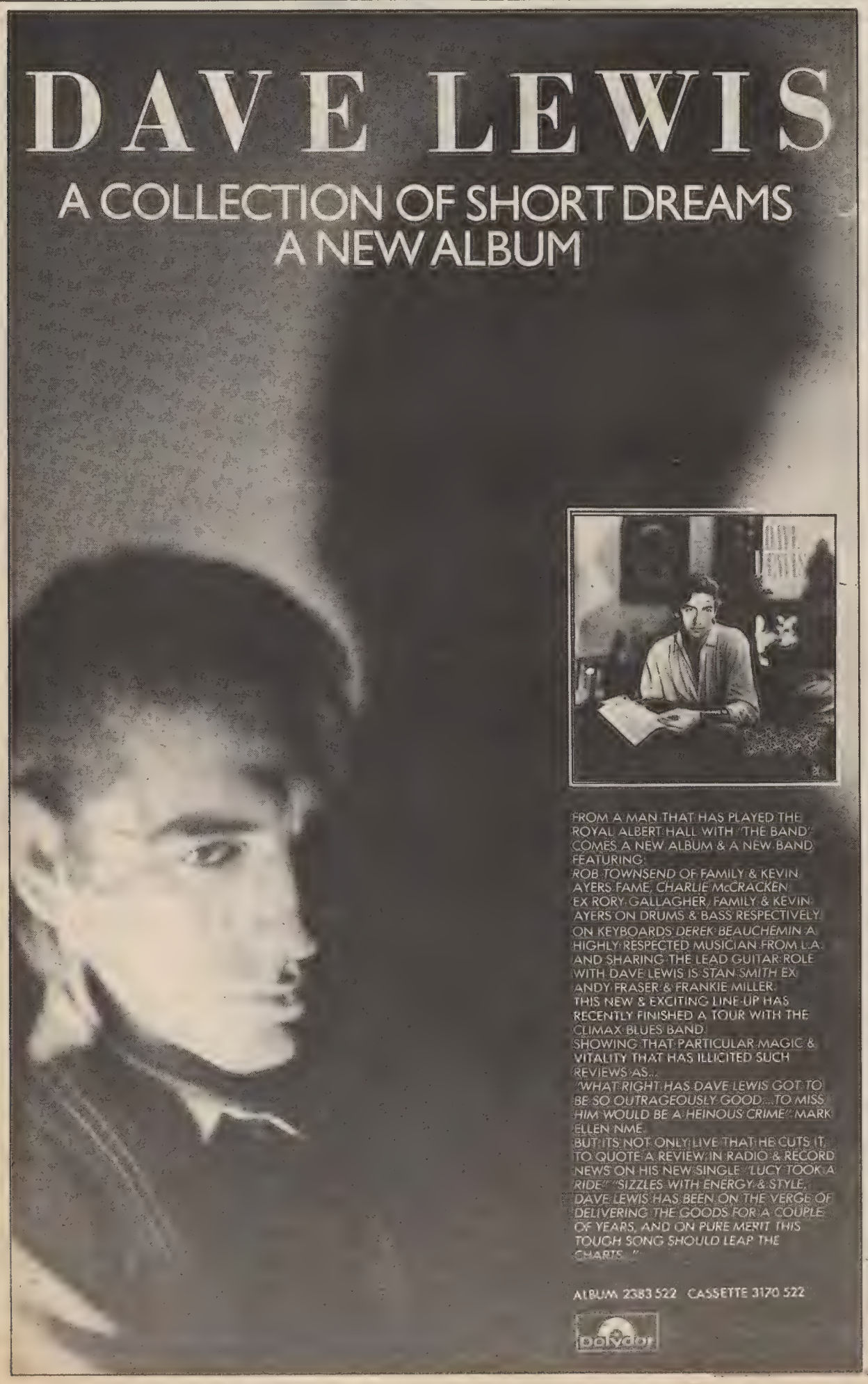
GOING through a few music papers (including yours) I noticed a few people selling copies of "God Save The Queen" by The Sex Pistols, apparently on the A&M label. Could you please explain this, as I was under the impression that the Pistols were only on the label for a week after being sacked by EMI and that no A&M version of "God Save The Queen" was ever released? — **PATRICK DALBY, Gipton Estate, Leeds.**

● A&M promoted broken-tooth rock from March 10, 1977 — when CBS began pressing copies of "God Save The Queen" for the label — until March 16, on which date Malcolm McMoneybags received a pay-off cheque of £75,000 from Messrs Alpert and Moss. During this period some 25,000 A&M'd copies of the single were pressed and readied for distribution but these were supposedly destroyed under strict supervision. However, some could have survived — even recorded copies of King Edward VIII's abdication speech (which were *really* destroyed under supervision) managed to survive, so I guess there are a few copies of the A&M artifact in existence. I would advise any would-be buyers to be careful though — it's even more likely that pirate copies of the disc are being shuffled around.

CAN YOU tell me anything about the "Cruisin' " record series? A mate of mine has one of these on tape and it sounds great — but where do I get the discs? — **L. ROWE, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.**

● The "Cruisin' " series comprises 13 albums, each of them documenting a year in the history of rock 'n' roll radio. The first release in the series "Cruisin' 1956" (Increase INCM 2001), which contained such items as Chuck Berry's "Roll Over Beethoven", The Teen Queen's "Eddie My Love", Frankie Lymon's "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?", The Crows' "Gee", The Mello Kings' "Tonite, Tonite" and others introduced by WKMH, Detroit, DJ Robin Seymour also includes commercials for the *Detroit Times*, Faygo Root Beer, Merchants Green Stamp, Budweiser (sung by The Crew Cuts), plus the WKMH jingle and other things that made Seymour's "Bobbin' With Robin" show an award winner way back in '56.

This and six other albums, covering the years 1957-62, where all released in June, 1970, after which came LPs containing record shows from 1955 and 1963 (both released January, 1972), a final quartet covering 1964-67 appearing in September, 1973. Though it seemed a possibility that Phonogram would issue the series in Britain at one point, negotiations fell through and the discs remained a best-selling import line until recently when they were deleted from the U.S. catalogue. Consequently, the "Cruisin' " albums are now becoming hard to find, though some import shops still have a few left in stock.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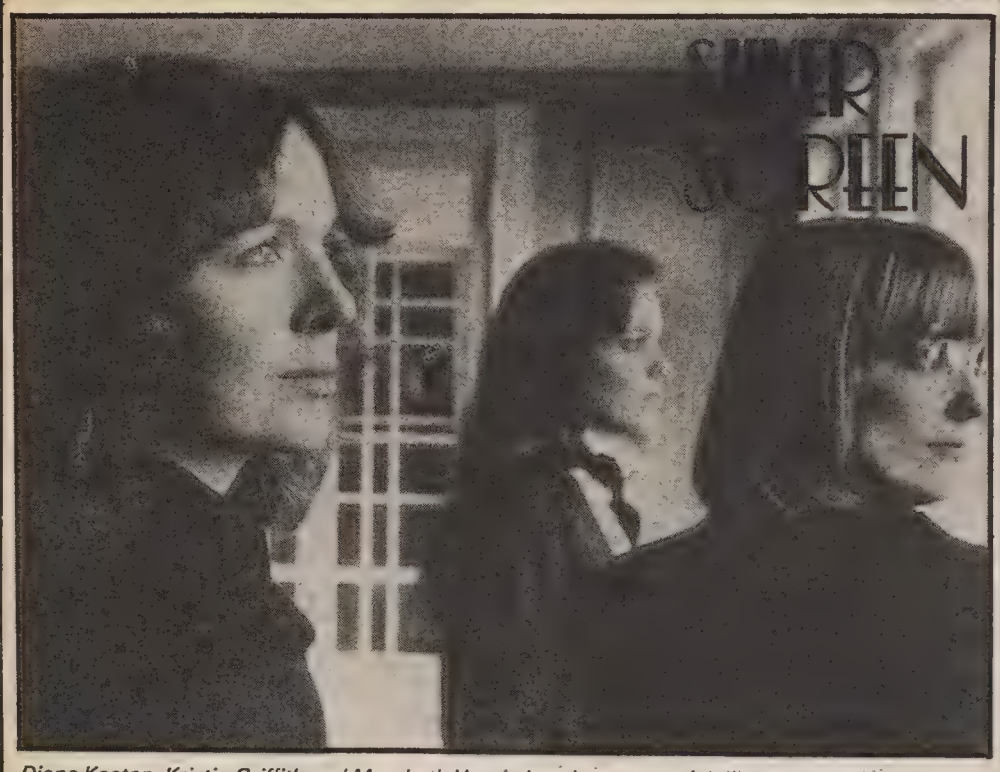


Diane Keaton, Kristin Griffith and Marybeth Hurt in Interiors — ever felt like you were in a Bergman movie, girls? There was a bit in Love And Death that looked just like this, too.

Decorative Interiors

Interiors

Directed by Woody Allen
Starring Geraldine Page and Diane Keaton
(United Artists)

There has never been any doubt that a pretty desperate neurosis underlies the comedy of Woody Allen. The question raised by his new film is whether — as with Strindberg — that brand of fuel is capable of generating tragedy too, or merely pessimism.

Interiors is harrowing all right, and I don't know that I should want to see it again. This is the world of raw relationships which produced his early one-liner, "I didn't recognise my first wife with her wrists closed", but without the annealing effect of laughter. For all his mocking of the genus New York Culture Vulture, Woody has always been of that ilk, and his script resembles those of Savanarola Brown, Beerbohm's fictitious playwright who never missed a second night, and consequently wrote like a salad of all of them.

Interiors comes on like *Long Day's Journey Into Night, Three Sisters, The Lady From The Sea* and in terms of obsessive closed circuitry could give Ingmar Bergman a run for his krone. It's a very important and accomplished movie, but my personal feelings about Woody Allen's new direction are best summed up by Billy Wilder's comments on Marilyn Monroe: "There are certain wonderful rascals in this world, like Monroe, and one day they lie down on an analyst's couch and out comes a clenched, dreary thing."

The story dissects a family, tracing the guilts, jealousies and psychological damage emanating from a neurotic mother. Home might be a model of glacial taste, but mother's touch elsewhere alternates between the domineering and the cravenly insecure. Father decides to separate, and the three daughters are left to cope with their mother's breakdowns and suicide attempts, as well as their own fretful relationships.

Geraldine Page, as the mother, gives one of her greatest screen performances and made me shudder with pity at her disastrous character. She has a nose for humiliation and pain that would not disgrace an early Christian martyr, so that all family festivities — a birthday party, a wedding, a reunion — are doomed to the thorn bush.

Diane Keaton, precariously married to a failed and bitter novelist, is so locked in with her own preoccupations with poetry and the cold sweat of hyper-awareness that she can offer only off-hand praise in place of genuine support. The younger sister, Marybeth Hurt, favours confrontations but lacks staying power: everything she touches just peters out. Kristin Griffith pours an effusive showbiz catsup over all irritants, but mainly plain stays away.

Events come to a head when father, E. G. Marshall, decides to remarry. Pearl, his portly extroverted bride (Maureen Stapleton) is clearly intended as a breath of fresh air in this hothouse, but mother's blighted inheritance runs deep in her daughters, and mother herself looms up to commit suicide on the wedding night.

This section smacks of melodrama, with mother wading into the sea and daughter being resuscitated by her replacement. Keaton's husband (Richard Jordan) tries to rape Kristin Griffith in the garage where she is snorting a sustaining line of coke, and utters the daftest line to the effect that it would be a change to screw someone he doesn't feel inferior to. All too schematic.

Direction is confident elsewhere, choosing a bald, uncluttered style which centres squarely on windows and allows the rising squabbles to build their own tempo. It's a movie to admire, but whether it will start a stampede to the orphanage is in the lap . . .

Brian Case

The Serpent's Egg

Directed by Ingmar Bergman
Starring Liv Ullman and David Carradine
(Enterprise)

Heave-ho. Once more into the abyss, once more into the wonderful world of Ingmar Bergman wherein, as a characteristically wan and overwrought Liv Ullman is moved to remark, "people have lost the future" and "the only real thing is fear".

As foolish as flesh to have expected otherwise, to have even dared hope that Bergman's self-imposed exile from his native Sweden and his partnership, for this feature at least, with extravagant producer Dino *King Kong* De Laurentiis might have somehow softened the cold, hard knell of the director's fatalism. No, you never wave in Bergman's cinema, you drown.

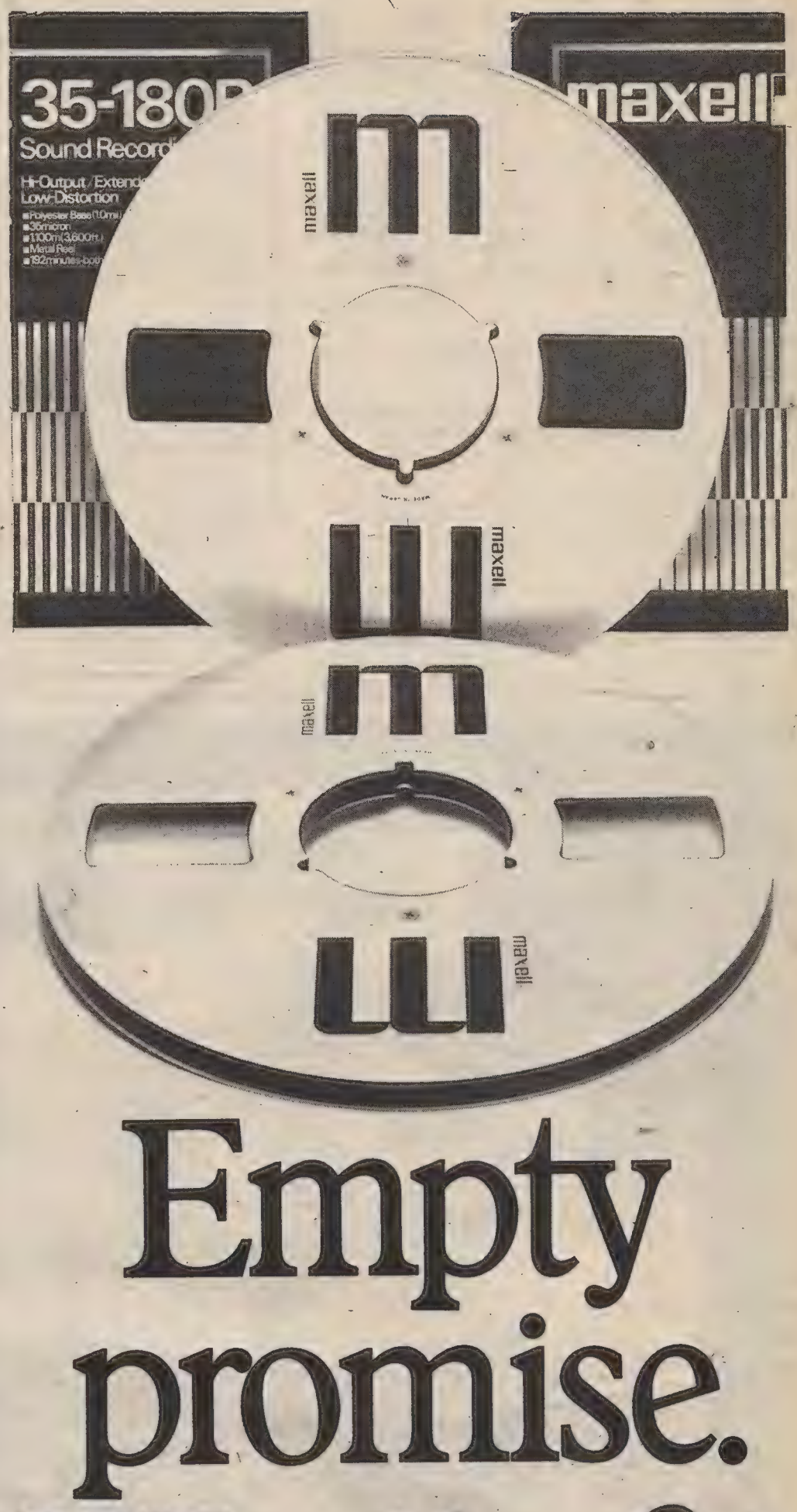
The Serpent's Egg is set in Berlin in 1923. It attempts to convey the mood of Weimar Republic Germany at the time of one Adolf Hitler's abortive Munich putsch (an escapade which was to earn Hitler a year behind bars, whence he emerged cradling *Mein Kampf).*

Inevitably, Bergman's Berlin has next to nothing in common with the archetypally 'decadent' between-the-wars den of license portrayed by films as worthy as *Cabaret* and *The Damned* or as worthless as *Salon Kitty* and *Just A Gigolo.*

Instead, it's a penumbral wasteland washed by endless rains. Inflation is rampant, food is scarce and the

● *continues over page*

Liv Ullman, who is in a Bergman movie. David Carradine's nose also stars in The Serpent's Egg.



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● continued from previous page

populace **catatonically** cowed by the air of hopelessness and helplessness that clings to the city like a viscous shroud. Unhappy days are here again.

And all this, Bergman insists, is the dark, dank shell that nurtured the obscene serpent of anti-Semitism and Nazism. He might even be right — though history is *always* more complex than hindsight or, as here, romantic realism allows.

Meanwhile, as face-fixated as ever, Bergman propels his protagonists through the desolation with utter disinterest. They live, they die, they mostly die. The director even coaxes commitment — and occasional Kung Fu — above and beyond the call of casting from the usually comatose Carradine (an acrobat), whilst the hypertense emoting of Ullman (another acrobat) has rarely seemed so appropriate. Elsewhere, Gert Froebe (a detective) and Heinz Bennent (a scientist) add substantial support.

The film's plot proper — a series of unsolved slayings and sundry disappearances — seems almost incidental. Which is perhaps how Bergman planned it; he rarely credits characters with any ability to determine direction.

And background continues to become foreground until Bennent's closing convulsions of psyche and psychosis — his own gruesome 'experiments' previsage those of the Nazi concentration camp 'doctors' — cauterise Bergman's vision into a hell-harrowing. And hell, as Jean-Paul Sartre suggested, is other people.

Heave-ho. Hopelessly, helplessly. *The Serpent's Egg* is a slick of strychnine, but swallow it you should. This *was* real life.

Angus MacKinnon

Waiting For The Wiz

An all-black musical gets the business.

With the strains of "Ease On Down The Road" already hitting the airwaves, the opening shots of what will be a massive promotional barrage for the all-black musical *The Wiz* have been fired.

Filmed on location in New York, this remake of *The Wizard Of Oz* features Diana Ross as Dorothy, Michael Jackson as the Scarecrow and Richard Pryor as the Wizard.

Before we all get suckered into the hoopla, a few facts about the movie should put matters in some sort of perspective. *The Wiz* is considered by many industry insiders as being perhaps the biggest musical gamble in screen history. Valiums have been the order of the day at Universal studios as the first few weeks' take have been announced Stateside. It has not been easily forgotten that it was the big budget musicals of the '60s — *Doctor Doolittle, Star* and *Hello Dolly* — that almost sank the mighty 20th Century Fox.

Packaged for Universal by Motown, *The Wiz* cost some $35 million which, when added to the $4,500,000 promo budget, puts the recoupment figure at about $60 million. To achieve this, the picture has to become the biggest crossover film in cinema history, drawing a huge white audience to an essentially black attraction.

Traditionally, the black cinema has had limited success, the highest grossing film being *Lady Sings The Blues* (also, incidentally, starring Diana Ross). But that grossed a mere $10 million.

Ironically, the original *Wizard Of Oz* had more than its fair share of problems. There was disagreement at MGM over who should play Dorothy, many producers believing it should have been Shirley Temple, not Judy Garland. The script went through the hands of ten screen-writers (including Herman Mankiewicz) and four directors were used, George Cukor and King Vidor being uncredited. The budget of $2,777,000 was big by 1939 standards and 20 years passed before it recouped its investment. Universal must be praying that history does not repeat itself.

Needless to say, every effort is being made to guard against this. Already, lavish, well-publicised parties have been held in major American cities to give the movie a boost. Celebrities in attendance included Kurt Vonnegut, Cher, Candice Bergen, Henry Winkler, David Hockney and Andy Warhol.

Of course, large amounts will be recouped by the double album soundtrack but the fact remains that Universal are gambling for high stakes and they need you to go and see *The Wiz*.

Bear that in mind when the publicity steamroller operation moves into action.

Dick Tracy

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Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office, The Strand, WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee per person)

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THU 14
MATUMBI
FRI 15 RAMROD supported by BASILS BALLS UP BAND
SAT 16
WHIRLWIND supported by THE STEAMERS
SUN 17 R&B Night with **BLAST FURNACE AND . . .**
N.B. Doors open 7 pm—11.30 pm.
Tickets just £1.50
MON 18 SNIFF 'N the tears Supported by AGAIN AGAIN
N.B. Doors open 9 pm
TUES 19 A Christmas Special with
WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
Advance tickets available £2.25
WED 20 Christmas Reggae Party with
MERGER
Advance tickets available £2
THUR 21 Dingwalls Christmas Party Night with
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
Advance tickets available £2.50. N.B. Doors open 9 pm

THAMES POLYTECHNIC
Calderwood Street, Woolwich, S.E.18

Saturday December 16th

PENETRATION

Licensed Bars *Non Students welcome*

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, New Barnet
(Beside B.R. New Barnet)

Thursday December 14th
JERRY THE FERRET
Friday December 15th
I.O.U.
Saturday December 16th
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
Sunday December 17th
KESTREL
Tuesday December 18th
NAUGHTY BITZ

THIEVES LIKE US

Thurs 14th Dec
Joiners Arms, Southampton.
Sat. 16th December.
Cavalier, Eastbourne.
Friday 22nd December.
Archery, Eastbourne

Yorkieshire Police spoke of 'Sweet pound Madness' as lorry drivers rushed for their Yorkie shirts. Chief Constable Ry Oike finished with Lord Paygate's memorable words. "A Yorkie a day gives you tooth decay."

The Jam

The Jam wish all our fans a Merry Christmas and want to thank you all for the solid support during our Winter tour. See you all in the New Year.

Celebrate Christmas with the Jam at the Music Machine on 21 December.

The Jam Fan Club
c/o Nicky Weller
44 Balmoral Drive
Woking

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.

Saturday, 16th December

THE GREEDIES

+Fame

8.30 pm — 2 am

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17th
Tickets at the door

FRANKIE MILLER

+ Darling + D.J. Graham Fox

PIZZA EXPRESS MUSIC presents
This Friday (December 15th), 8.30 pm

American Jazz Virtuoso

RANDY WESTON

'African Rhythms'
at the
LOGAN HALL, 20 Bedford Way, Bloomsbury
(just North of Russell Square)
BUFFET BAR from 6.30 pm

Tickets £3, £2. Available at all Pizza Express Restaurants, Premiere Box Office, Rakes Theatre Tickets and at the door

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE - N.W.1

Wednesday December 13th £1.50
BLACK SLATE + Brimstone

Thursday December 14th £2.00
THE ADVERTS + The Innocents

Friday December 15th £2.00
NO DICE + The Business

Saturday December 16th £2.00
GONZALEZ + John Potter's Clay

Monday December 18th
STRAIGHT 8 + Daylight Robbery
Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 — Normal admission £1.00

Tuesday December 19th
Sid Vicious Defence Fund
featuring
THE CLASH
THE SLITS
+ Phil Rambow
Advance tickets now on sale, £2.50 from Box Office

Wednesday December 20th £1.50
FABULOUS POODLES
+ Wendy Tunes

Thursday December 21st
Christmas Party
with
THE JAM
+ special guests Jab Jab
+ Gang of Four
+ The Nips
Advance tickets now on sale, £2.50 from Box Office

Friday December 22nd
THE PIRATES
Admission £2.00 — Pay at door

Sunday December 24th
Special Christmas Eve Party Night
with
SORE THROAT
Open 8 pm to 1 am

Sunday December 31st
New Year's Eve Party
with
SUPERCHARGE
Open 8 pm to 3 am

LICENSED BARS — LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

"ADVERTISE"

Ring Brian B on 01-261 6153 for details.

(BARRY CLARKE) WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

Saturday December 16th at 8 pm

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

+ STEPPIN' OUT

MaryJane Disco—Bar—Food (Real Ale)

Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St. Albans, tel 64511, or available on door. Cheques and Postal Orders made payable to St Albans District Council (Not Words Promotions)

WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS

SNIFF AND THE TEARS

Thursday 14th December — Nashville
Monday 18th December — Dingwalls

Album — Fickle Heart by Sniff and the Tears CWK 3002 Also available on tape

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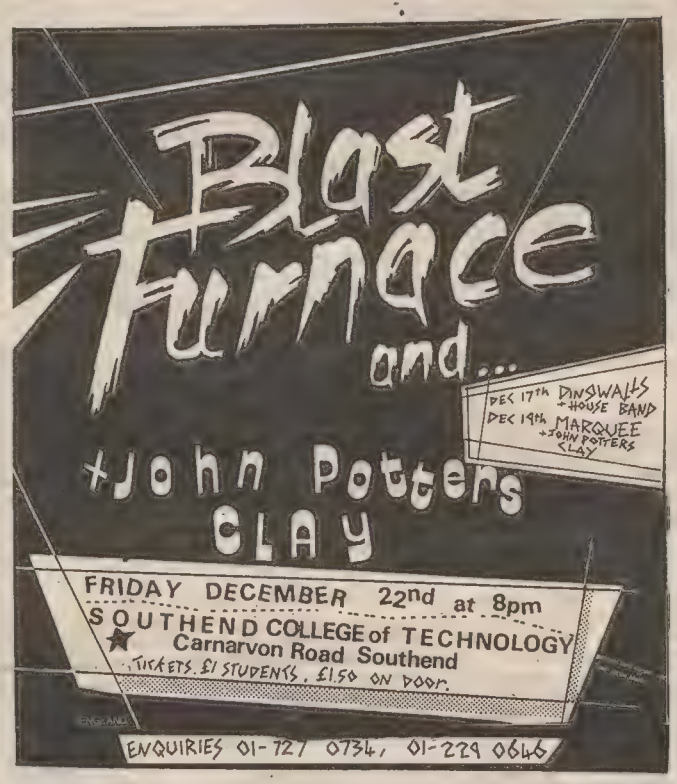

FAME

at the **ELECTRIC BALLROOM**
Saturday December 16th
with The Greedies

SPLIT RIVITT

Friday 15 December
CRAWFORDS, MILTON KEYNES

Saturday 16 December
BRIDGE HOUSE, CANNING TOWN

Thursday 28 December
THE NAGS HEAD, HIGH WYCOMBE

Saturday 30 December
THE JOHN BULL, CHISWICK

And don't forget Split Rivitt's residency at the Rock Garden every Tuesday in January!
Further info, call Debbie, 729 2666

ART FAILURE

IN BRITAIN

POLYTECHNIC of CENTRAL LONDON S.U.

Christmas Party
with

COUSIN JOE

(from New Orleans)

+ Chas and Dave

8 pm, Thursday, 14th December at
115 New Cavendish St., W.1

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930

Thursday Dec 14th Free
BARRY RICHARDSON BAND
Friday Dec 15th 50p
MONOS
+ SECRET SEVEN
Saturday Dec 16th 60p
BIG CHIEF
featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday Dec 17th 50p
SOUL YARD
Monday Dec. 18th Free
CROOKS
Tuesday Dec 19th Free
TENNIS SHOES
Wednesday Dec. 20th Free
DAVID BLOSSE BAND

DOG WATCH

FRI. 15 DEC: EAST HAM, Ruskin Arms
SUN. 17 DEC: EAST HAM, Ruskin Arms
WED. 20 DEC: CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound
FRI. 22 DEC: EAST HAM, Ruskin Arms
SUN. 24 DEC: EAST HAM, Ruskin Arms
(+ Flashpoint)

Band Enq:
01-690 1823/01-858 6875
"As we wake up and see the sun . . ."

Benefit concert for National Council for One-Parent Families
Wednesday 27 December 7.30 pm
at the Rainbow

SHAM 69

+ The Records
+ Merger
+ The Invaders
+ Jonny Rubbish
and special mystery guests

TICKETS £2.50 FROM RAINBOW BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

Frank Tokyo
Presents

Music For Your Brain and Pelvis

METABOLIST

at Action Space
Chenies Street, W.C.1
+ Theatre

Starts 8 pm, Fri. 15th & Sat. 16th Dec.

THE
V.I.P.'s
every Saturday —
Wheatsheaf pub, Kings Rd
except Sat 16th —
The Railway, West Hampstead
(with Little Bo Bitch)
Sun 17th —
Windsor Castle, Harrow Rd
Sat 23rd —
Sheffield Limit Club
(Christmas Party)
To hear the V.I.P.'s ring: (01) 673 5631

TAKE ME TO the LIMIT
TEL 730940
WEST STREET SHEFFIELD

Thursday December 14th
GIRLS SCHOOL
Friday December 15th
DISCO
Saturday December 16th
FREDDIE FINGERS
Monday December 18th
STRIFE
+ The Next Band
Tuesday December 19th
PANTIES
Wednesday December 20th
JAB JAB
Thrusday December 21st
STREET BAND
Students Free Monday, Discount Tuesday and Wednesday
Open 9 pm-2 am

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100 CLUB

100 OXFORD STREET, LONDON WEST ONE

present a special
CHRISTMAS PARTY
on Thursday 21st December
with Jamaican superstar

TAPPER ZUKIE

featuring his all-Jamaican band
plus special guests **CYGNUS**

Tickets on sale on door on night only!
7.30 to 1.00 am Late bars & food
All enquiries: 01-348 2923

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS

THE MEMBERS
THE INNOCENTS

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. N.W.1

SUNDAY 17th DECEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245
EDWARDS & EDWARDS, TEL. 734 9761 OR ON NIGHT

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

For the week December 14 to 20

Details of special Christmas gigs over the page

Beckett: **Tour De Force**
London Piccadilly Theatre: **Dame Edna Everage (for a 12-week season)**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Cadillac / Riot Rockers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Barry Richardson Band**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **The Monos / The Crooks**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Fran Landesman**
London W.10 Ackham Hall: **The Members / Raaw / London Zoo**
Luton The Cottars: **Scratch**
Macclesfield Krumbles: **Juggernaut**
Manchester Kelly's: **Reducers**
Manchester Owens Park Ballroom: **Ray Morgan Quartet**
Manchester Russell Club: **Ultravox / The Jerks**
Newcastle The Canteen: **Sabrejets / American Echoes / Roxoff**
Newport Kings Road Hotel: **Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers**
Norwich Tudor Hall: **Gonzalez**
Nottingham Boat Club: **The Smirks**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham The Black Boy: **Chris Barber Band**
Oxford College of Further Education: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **The Bricks**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Last Straw**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Swift**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Peter Bond**
Reading Target Club: **Staa Marx**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Robin Williamson's Merry Band**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Girlschool**
Swansea Nutz Club: **Wild Horses**
Taunton College of Art: **The Bishops**
Wakefield Newton House Club: **Jet Harris/Vintage**
Wantage The Swan; **Double Xposure**
York The Revolution: **Neon Hearts**

IAN DURY *& The Blockheads are playing seven nights in London — but at five different venues, in order to spread goodwill to as many areas as possible. He kicks off at the Lewisham Odeon on Sunday and Monday, followed by Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday and Streatham Odeon on Wednesday. You'll find details of the other three in next week's Gig Guide.*

TODD RUNDGREN *is back in town — and a very welcome visitor he is, too. He returns to Britain specially to headline a week-long season at London's newest rock centre, The Venue in Victoria. And that's where you'll find him every night from this Friday through until December 21. As usual, he's accompanied by his formidable backing band, Utopia.*

Thursday

Basildon Double Six: **Spud**
Belfast The Pound: **The Undertones**
Belfast Whittla Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Birmingham College of Food: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs / Wide Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham Odeon: **Al Stewart**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Birmingham Westhill College: **Muscles**
Bolton The Gaiety: **John Cooper Clarke / Ed Banger**
Bournemouth Tiffany's: **Matchbox**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The D.P.'s**
Brighton Hungry Years: **The Tinsels**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Caroline Roadshow**
Bristol Granary: **Streetband**
Bristol Technical College: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Spics / Numbers / Blue Wave Band / Art Objects**
Cannock Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury College of Art: **90° Inclusive**
Corby Sports Club: **Gaffa**
Coventry Wyken Pippin: **Reno**
Crediton Old Market House: **The Brainiac Five**
Culdrose Sea Hawk Club: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Dundee College of Art: **The Doomed**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Those Four**
Glasgow Amphora: **Underhand Jones**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Rory Gallagher / Bram Tchaikovsky**
Glasgow Art School: **Simple Minds**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Jasper Carrott**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Quartz**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Rednite**
Jersey New Auditorium: **Stephane Grapelli / George Shearing**
Kendal The Bowman: **Anniversary**
Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's: **The Boys / Butterflies**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Here & Now / The Table**
Leeds Scott Hall Hotel: **Snoots**
Leeds University: **The Rubinoos**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **After The Fire**
Liverpool The Cleveland: **The Accelerators**
London Archway Caxton Hall: **Revelation**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Gentry**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Matumbi**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Adverts / The Innocents**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Bobby's Allstars**
London Central Polytechnic: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans / Chas & Dave**
London College of Fashion: **The Young Bucks**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Valves**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Samson**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Troggs (for four days)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Parliament / Funkadelic**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Piranhas**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Essential Logic**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Sniff 'n' The Tears**
London Marquee Club: **Bert Jansch**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **The Crack**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'

Friday

Bath Pavilion: **Lindisfarne**
Belfast The Pound: **Scene Stealer**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Wide Boys**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham Odeon: **Parliament / Funkadelic**
Blackpool Winter Gardens: **The Rubettes**
Bracknell Arts Centre: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans**
Bradford College: **Muscles**
Bristol All Saints Church: **The X-Certs**
Burnham Night Owl: **Robert & The Remoulds**
Bury St Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Chris Barber Band**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **Shirley Bassey**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Penetration**
Cambridge The Alma: **Scratch**
Cannock Troubadour: **Bullets**
Chatham Town Hall: **Caroline Roadshow**
Coventry College of Further Education: **Fashion**
Crediton Queen Elizabeth School: **The Fans**
Crewe Alsager College: **Hot Water**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Tapper Zukie**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Streetband**
Dundee Technical College: **Supercharge / Simple Minds**
Eastbourne Star Inn: **Steve Boyce Band**
Edinburgh Clouds: **The Doomed**
Edinburgh Napier College: **The Scottish Monos**
Guildford Star Club: **Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers**
Herne Bay Stan's: **The Ignerents / The Volume**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Sore Throat**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Jerry The Ferret**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Here & Now**
Ipswich Royal William: **The Kidda Band**
Kidderminster Wolverley Memorial Hall: **Jet Stream / Dead Ringer & The Clones / Willimott Experience**
Lancaster Catholic Club: **Anniversary**
Langdon Hills Youth Club: **Steve Hooker & The Vampire Lovers / The Spurts**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Foma**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **Bravado**
London Camden Music Machine: **No Dice**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Grand Hotel**
London Charing Cross Hospital Medical School: **Panties**
London Chiswick Hounslow College: **Straight 8**
London City University: **The Secret / Shrink / Nicky Shy**
London Europa Hotel: **Gonzalez**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Acre**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Stewart**
London Marquee Club: **After The Fire**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **The Vye**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Boomtown Rats / The Vipers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Monos / Secret 7**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Dean Friedman**
London University Hall Hospital: **Fabulous Poodles**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Holding Strong**
London Victoria The Venue: **Todd Rundgren's Utopia (until December 21)**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Fran Landesman**
London Willesden Bobbysox Club: **Matchbox**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Max Boyce**
London W.1. Sidney Webb College: **Substitute**
London W.10. Acklam Hall: **China Street / Pearly Spencer / Berlin**
London W.C.1. (Chenies St.) Action Space: **Metabolist**
Maidstone Technical College: **Gillan**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rory Gallagher / Bram Tchaikovsky**
Manchester The Squat: **The Jerks**
Manchester The Venue: **Brent Ford & The Nylons**
Milton Keynes Craufurd Club: **Split Rivitt**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Rubinoos**
Newcastle University: **Spud**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **The Young Bucks**
Norwich Boogie House: **Strife**
Nottingham Clarendon College: **Tiger Ashby**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Slip Hazard & The Blizzards**
Preston Guildhall: **Showaddywaddy**
Ryde I.o.W. Prince Consort: **Last Straw**
Salisbury City Hall: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Cafe Jacques**
Stevenage The Swan: **Harem Scarem**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias / The Police**
Swindon College: **Stadium Dogs**
Warrington Padgate College: **Muscles / Paradox**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Video**
Windsor Theatre Royal: **National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
Wolverhampton Rose & Crown: **Stan Arnold**
Workington Rendezvous Club: **Jet Harris / Vintage**
York The Revolution: **Strangeways**
York Winning Post: **Red Eye**

SEND YOUR NEW YEAR GIGS NOW

AS WE warned you in our last issue, it's now too late to submit details of gigs covering the Christmas and New Year holiday period. In next week's NME, there'll be a special two-week Gig Guide with full information about what's on from December 21 to January 3 inclusive — and that has already gone to press. So no more entries for that period, please, because we can't use them.

But now, looking ahead . . .

We are now taking entries for the first full week of the New Year — that's from ***January 4 to 9 inclusive.*** And because of protracted holiday arrangments, the closing date for entries during this period is ***next Wednesday, December 20*** — that's a day earlier than we announced last week, owing to unforeseen difficulties at the printers. So there's no time to waste — get your gigs for early January in the post right away, or it will be too late.

CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Saturday

Abertillery Six Bells: **Bullets**
Batley Crumpets: **Pressure Shocks**
Belfast The Pound: **Scene Stealer**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Cafe Jacques**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Bob Davenport/The Rakes**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rod Stewart**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bridport Bull Hotel: **The Brainiac Five**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Granary: **Writz**
Bude Headland Club: **The Young Bucks**
Cambridge The Alma: **Steve Boyce Band**
Cambridge Arts Hall: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Matchbox**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Witchfynde**
Corby Nags Head: **Paradox**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Doddington Village Hall: **The Vipers**
Dorchester The Tavern: **Juggernaut**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Alex Harvey Band**
Glasgow College of Technology: **The Scottish Monos**
Halifax Civic Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **The Bishops**
Hanley Rose & Crown: **Any Trouble**
Hertford Corn Exchange: **Caroline Roadshow**
Huddersfield Coach House: **Jailer**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Ipswich Royal William: **The Kidda Band**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Fischer-Z**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Agony Column**
Leeds Ralph Thoresby Community Theatre: **Nuff Sedd/The Gimmicks/The Mess**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Alwoodley Jets**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **The Accelerators**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Liverpool Eric's: **Generation X**
London Battersea Kidnapped Arab Club: **Void/European Cowards**
London Bridge Glaziers Inn: **Yakety Yak**
London Camden Brecknock: **Portraits**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Whirlwind**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Greedy Bastards**
London Camden Music Machine: **Gonzalez**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Chas & Dave**
London E.2 Arabian Arms: **Embryo**
london Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Stewart**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Vaguely Attractive**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Robert & The Remoulds**
London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club: **Earthbound**
London Kensington Nashville: **The Smirks**
London Marquee Club: **David Kubinec's Excess**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Quasar**
London Penge Groves Centre: **Tennis Shoes/Vic & The Vagues**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Tapper Zukie**
London Southwark Guy's Hospital: **White Rider**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief with Dick Heckstall-Smith**
London Stoke Newington Town Hall: **Revelation/15 16 17**
London Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Chris Rea**
London Twickenham Technical College: **Wild Angels**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Holding Strong**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Little Bo Bitch/The V.I.P.'s**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Max Boyce**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Penetration**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St.) Action Space: **Metabolist**
Loughborough Town Hall: **Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Vye**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **After The Fire**
Milford Haven Further Education Centre: **Ray Morgan Quartet**
Northampton County Ground: **The Adverts**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Flys**
Norwich White's: **Gypp**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Spud**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Tiger Ashby**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Penryn 'Jazz South West': **Chris Barber Band**
Reading Target Club: **The Little Jimmies**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Fans**
Rochdale College: **Drive By Night**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **The Clarkson / Globe Band**
Scampton R.A.F. Station: **The Enid**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Here & Now/Zero Gong**
Sleaford R.A.F. Cranwell: **Strange Days**
Slough Langley College: **No Dice**
St Albans City Hall: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/Steppin Out**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Scandal**
Thatcham Hamilton's Club: **Muscles**
Wakefield Technical College: **Strangeways**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Workington Rendezvous Club: **Jet Harris / Vintage**
York Revolution Club: **Those Four**
York White Rose: **Snoots**

Sunday

Bakewell Monsal Head: **Witchfynde**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Gerry & The Pacemakers (for a week)**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Jameson Raid**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rod Stewart**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Birmingham Repertory Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Swing Street**
Bradford College: **Fischer-Z**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Fred Wedlock/Hola**
Brough (Cumbria) Grand Prix Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Cannock Moonraker: **Paradox**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias/The Police**
Coventry Warwick University: **Here & Now / Zero Gong**
Crewe Grand Junction Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Croydon Greyhound: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **Snoots**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **Supercharge**
Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Richard Digance / Mr. Gladstone's Bag / Hot Vultures**
Harrogate Royal Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Ethel The Frog**
Lincoln Brant Road Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Allison's Club: **Heathcliffe (for a week)**
Liverpool The Sportsman: **Harem Scarem**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Live Wire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Writz**
London Finchley Torrington: **Alkatraz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Those Four**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/The Undertones**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Spud**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
London Marquee Club: **The Fall/Manicured Noise**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Soul Yard**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **David Johansen Group/The Rubinoos**
Manchester New Electric Circus: **Anti-Social**
Manchester The Venue: **The Bishops**
Newbridge Club & Institute: **Streetband**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Press**
Plymouth Metro: **Wild Horses**
Portsmouth Locarno: **The Clash / The Slits / The Innocents**
Portsmouth Rotary Club: **Last Straw**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Alex Campbell / Kinesphere**
Reading Target Club: **Samson**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Enid**
Ryde I.o.W. Lakeside Inn: **Matchbox**
Tavistock Queens Hotel: **The Bricks**
Upminster New Windmill Hall: **The Flys**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Guys & Dolls (for a week)**
Wilkington Trocadero: **The Kidda Band**
Yeovil Duke Of York: **Juggernaut**

Monday

Aylesbury Grammar School: **Blast Furnace/The Liggers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Crack**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Odeon: **Showaddywaddy**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Blackpool Technical College: **Supercharge**
Brentwood Youth House: **Keith Pearson**
Brighouse Stardust Showbar: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for a week)**
Bristol Crockers: **Corkscrew (for three days)**
Cannock Drake's Drum: **Paradox**
Chester Smartyz: **Staa Marx**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Tapper Zukie**
Exeter Routes: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias / The Police**
Hatfield Red Lion: **Chris Barber Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool The Sportsman: **Juggernaut**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sniff & The Tears**
London Camden Music Machine: **Straight 8**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Window**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Darts**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **David Kubinec's Excess**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Undertones / The Squares**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bert Jansch**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Crooks**
London Tooting The Castle: **The Kidda Band**
London Tottenham The Fox: **Yakety Yak**
London Tottenham Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Surprise/The Valves**
Milton Keynes The Crawford: **Double Xposure**
Newcastle City Hall: **Penetration**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Here & Now / Zero Gong**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Portsmouth Victory Club: **Mud**
Purley Tiffany's: **The Clash / The Slits / The Innocents**
Rayleigh Crocs Club: **Matchbox**
Sheffield City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Swansea Circles: **Streetband**
Tunbridge Wells Court Ballroom: **Caroline Roadshow**
Warrington Carlton Club: **The Dogs**
Workington Down Under Club: **Fischer-Z**

Tuesday

Basildon Sweeney's Disco: **The Troggs**
Bath Brillig Arts Centre: **Wild Horses**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Doomed**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Here & New/Zero Gong**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Cartoons**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Scratch**
Blackburn Mecca Ballroom: **Autographs**
Brentwood Youth House: **Albert & The Grobblies**
Bristol University Union: **Glaxo Babies/Joe Public/Maelstrom/Driving Cuts/Art Objects**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Tapper Zukie**
Chatham Pentagon Centre: **Baby Grand**
Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's: **The Bishops**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Leicester The Jesters: **Chris Barber Band**
London Acton White Hart: **Sounder**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Gong**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Clash/The Slits/The Innocents**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Jags**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
London Hampstead Town Hall: **Live Wire/Blue Steel**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Spring Offensive/Steve Linton Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Undertones/The Squares**
London N.11 Orange Thre: **Frances Gilvray & Mick Burke**
London Sheen Derby Arms: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
London Tottenham-Ct Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **The Members/Local Operator**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Samson**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Beaver**
Mountain Ash The Palace: **Staa Marx**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oldham Penine Lounge: **SFW/Dirty Dog**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias/The Police**
Purley Tiffany's: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Sheffield City Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Panties**
Slough Langley College: **Spud**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Fischer-Z**
Wallsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wrexham Yale College: **Hot Water**

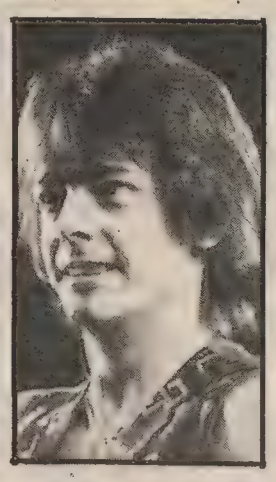
Wednesday

Aberfeldy Academy: **The Scottish Monos**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield Grosvenor Rooms: **The Thompson Twins**
Colchester Essex University: **Here & Now/Zero Gong**
Corby Civic Hall: **Scene Stealer**
Cradley Heath Haden Hill Centre: **Quartz**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **999/Visage**
Ipswich Royal William: **Gypp**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Streetband**
Leeds Victoria Hotel: **Ethel The Frog**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
London Camden Brecknock: **Grand Hotel**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **O.K.**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Generation X**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Valves**
London Fulham Greyhounds: **Mud (For four days)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Peter Gabriel**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Monos**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Samson**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Adam & The Ants / U.K. Subs / The Pack**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Gino & The Sharks**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **David Blosse Band**
London Streatham Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
London Tooting The Castle: **Vaguely Attractive**
London Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **The Addix/The Cure**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newport Stowaway Club: **The Jolt**
Northolt White Hart: **Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Smirks**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Witchfynde**
Oxford The Crown: **Spring Offensive**
Plymouth Metro: **Supercharge**
Salisbury College of Further Education: **The Bishops**
Sheffield City Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Orphan**
Southend Shrimpers: **Caroline Roadshow**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stevenage The Swan: **Straight 8**
Uttoxeter Race Course: **Muscles**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **The Clash / The Slits / The Innocents**
Yeovil Rugby Club: **The Troggs**
York Revolution Club: **Fischer-Z**

THIS WEEK'S CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

LINDISFARNE *are, for the third successive year, playing a string of hometown Xmas shows at Newcastle City Hall. And this time they're doing no less than five on the trot, all of them completely sold out, beginning on Tuesday. Our pic is of stalwart Alan Hull.*

ELVIS COSTELLO & *The Attractions begin their week-long series of London concerts on Monday at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road. They run through to Christmas Eve, and after a two-day lay-off Costello is off again on a nationwide tour.*



EDDIE & *The Hot Rods are playing a special seasonal gig at London's Electric Ballroom on Sunday, supported by The Members. It's your last chance to see them before they begin a full country-wide tour in the late winter or early spring. Barrie Masters is pictured.*

PETER GABRIEL *makes his first concert appearance since his open-air shindig in Battersea Park during the summer, when he opens a string of four successive — and inevitably successful — nights at Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday. Expect strictly the strictly unexpected.*

THE CLASH *headline at London's Music Machine on Tuesday, in a benefit show to help pay Sid Vicious' legal costs. A couple more Clash concerts follow at the London Lyceum right after Christmas. You'll also find them in the provinces this week. Pictured: Mick Jones.*

THIN LIZZY *weren't intending to do any more concerts this year, but they've now decided to slot in a one-off Christmas show for their devoted followers. It's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, supported by The Undertones. Pictured above is Phil Lynott. Who else?*

GENERATION X *have touring extensively recently, and they're now winding up their current gig series with a Christmas Party beano at London's Electric Ballroom, together with various surprise guests. It's all happening on Wednesday. Billy Idol is pictured.*

ALEX HARVEY *is back in business again with his brand new band. And although we'll have to wait until the New Year before he goes out on tour, he's doing a one-off holiday special in his native Scotland. Catch him at Glasgow Apollo on Saturday — if it's not sold out!*

Other seasonal specials for your delight this week: GONG, with Daevid Allen and Gilli Smyth, stage their Christmas party at the Electric Ballroom on Tuesday . . . THE BOOMTOWN RATS complete their "Seasonal Turkey" tour at the Rainbow on Friday . . . DAVID JOHANSEN returns from European commitments to headline at the Lyceum on Sunday, before flying home to the States . . . and DARTS present a holiday special at Hammersmith Odeon on Monday, their first major show since their recent personnel changes. All these gigs are in London, of course.

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

ON THE TOWN

The Peter Tosh backlash *doesn't* start here. . .

Peter Tosh

Bradford

Some of the filthiest conditions Yorkshire had experienced in four centuries failed to deter Peter Tosh's diehard northern rooters from showing up to see the Rasta evangelist doing Jah's work on a definitive pea souper in Bradford.

Swirling in Ethiopian colours, St. George's Hall was an appropriate refuge for a man whose aggressive vision and alignment with the mass dream has made him a new black leader.

One may have thought Tosh would show signs of being cramped and compromised by the Glimmer Twins. But no, the militant conscience of the Wailers is alive and well: his song remains the same.

The opener, a 10 minute version of "400 Years" proved the point, alerting us to the high regard Tosh has for the song, while his players lent solid support. Two keyboardists (using five keyboards), drummer Sly Dunbar, pulsating bassist Robbie Shakespeare, guitarists Micky Mao Chung, Al Anderson and Donald Kinsey, plus a male I-Threes contrived to pump out a rhythm as good as the Barrett Brothers at their best.

Perhaps Tosh lacks the ebullient charisma of Marley, but in a way he's more intensely magical. Thoroughly mesmerised, the audience let the music wash over them while Tosh moved around as if in a trance, or stood immobile, letting the dreadlocks swing.

Sometimes his delicate elfin grace made him appear aloof, but it was unintentional. You could probably put it down to his bush philosophy.

His "Equal Rights" Rasta credos and manifestos were interspersed with his most famous songs: the idyllic Bunny Waileresque "Pick Myself Up", "Bush Doctor" and "You Gotta Walk". Even "I'm The Toughest" (lightweight and facile on record) was given a new vitality; its ostensible banality transcended by Tosh's pervasive mystique, and towards the end by his karate kicks.

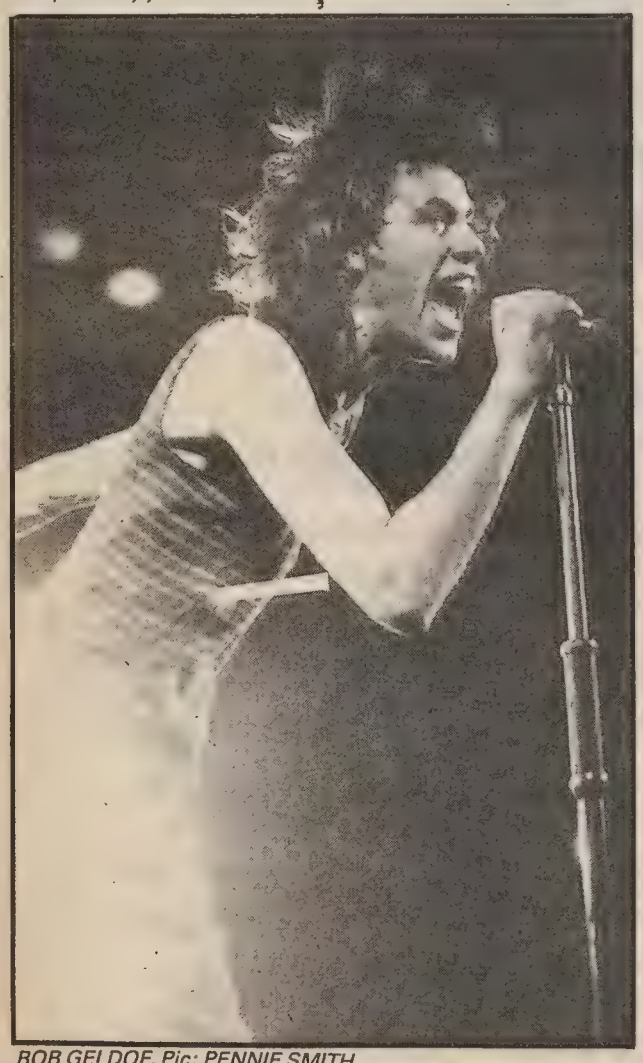
Tosh's approach was so casual that one could have overlooked his brilliant, understated rhythm guitar playing. On the other hand, Mao Chung left nothing to the imagination.

Soaring wildly above the superbly blended rhythm of Dunbar and Shakespeare, his playing was reminiscent of Billy Cross' for Dylan. And while some of the nursery rhyme riffs reflected the Pluto Shervington in Tosh, Dunbar's primitive drum solos suggested a throwback to shantytown ritualism.

The gel was strange but effective: melodic chord changes emerged from nowhere to redeem the occasional shortcomings.

Tosh made a spoken appeal for "black people to see The Light and love each other irrespective of organisations", before ending with "Get Up Stand Up", which brought the house to its feet, and another hymn, "Legalize It" for an encore. Tosh finally jogged slowly around the stage before handing his spliff to a grateful black devotee. It was magic, and everyone knew it. "Equal Rights" may forever be the seminal Tosh Album, but the man's time in history can only be just beginning.

Emma Ruth



BOB GELDOF. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

David Bowie

Sydney

Over 40,000 tickets were greedily snapped up for David Bowie's two concerts at the Showground, proving he was the most eagerly awaited artiste to visit Australia in years.

At precisely 8.30pm the puzzled audience watched as Bowie placed himself behind his mini-Moog while Carlos Alomar conducted the band through the doomy opening piece "Warszawa". But it was with the thundering intro of "Heroes" we were shown what the rest of the evening would bring, as Bowie abandoned his keyboards for a microphone.

Wearing a garish baggy green feather jump-suit, at one moment, he crouched over, and the next bounded over the stage with a hand mike. The focal point and lynch-pin, he immediately and confidently established a commanding stage presence.

Continual touring has allowed the band to develop their awesome fire-power to maximum effect. Spotlights fell primarily on Adrian Belew, Roger Powell and Simon House; but Carlos Alomar, Sean Mayes, Dennis Davis and George Murray proved they weren't slouches either.

They showed astonishing versatility, effectively crushing the audience with the sledgehammer riff of "Jean Genie", and then three numbers later tackled a delicate piece like "Fame" with nimble grace.

The first set comprised songs primarily from "Low" and "Heroes", with the crowed lapping up the faster and harder songs like "What In The World" and "Beauty And The Beast". But the textural mood pieces "Warszawa" and "Sense Of Doubt" drew only polite applause. Perhaps such morose, doomy works are more appropriate to a European background, but meaningless to a nonchalant Sydney audience.

For the second set Bowie returned in a silver snakeskin jacket, loose white shirt and white tent pants.

PETER TOSH. PIC: DENIS O'REGAN.

After introducing the band he went straight into a half hour of "Ziggy Stardust": an affectionate nod to his best-known character, and *not* a skeleton being dragged from the closet for one more dance. Judging the rapturous applause greeting each song, it was the most successful segment of the show.

They moved through "Art Decade" and "Whiskey Bar" before booming into an overwhelming version of "Station To Station". And Powell's titanic steam engine and Belew's madcap train whistle even drew complaints from residents living over *two* miles away.

Bowie encored with "TVC 15" and "Stay" and then took the stage alone. Grinning from ear to ear he thanked the audience for being so appreciative, and then charmingly asked, "Would you like another? . . .Shhh, I'll see what I can do."

They returned with "Rebel Rebel", then it was all over with only a promise to return next year.

But nobody asked for more. Nobody was capable of expressing anything but mute amazement: the gig was simply stunning from start to finish.

Bowie is undoubtedly the total master of his environment and physically and intellectually the most exciting performer in the world today.

Stephen Dowse

Gobble gobble squawk—a tonic for the turkeys

Boomtown Rats

Hammersmith Odeon

Into London trots the "Seasonal Turkey Tour" — or, as the Odeon billboards would have it, "A Tonic for the Turkeys".

So we played our parts; we came, we squawked, we gobbled. Most of us would have done anything Modest Bob demanded. All mouth and trousers he may be, but there are few without a place in their hearts for Geldof on a good night.

This year has seen the rise *and* rise of Bob and his Brats, and the emergence of a following that's more broadly-based than any other. Whether by luck or charm, skilful manipulation or simply by talent, they've found acceptance in every camp.

So tonight there were no problems. Even if doubts persist about the strength or depth of the material, there's no denying that live their formula works.

Also working are The Vipers from Dublin. This venomous ensemble acquit themselves deftly, snake some action and they've matured in the past half year from spikey, uncertain identipunk into a four-square R'n'B machine.

Their applause is more than polite, but by now the promotional balloons are thickening over the auditorium and they say "The Boomtown Rats"; and it's what the kids are hollering too.

An exceptionally young crowd by rock standards, it's female to a way-above-average degree. Posters, scarves and badges are all for sale and it shows. Marvellous how the marketing men can turn us into sandwich-boards for their product; and *we* pay *them*.

So the fun of the fair fills the air, and the complete showman Geldof makes an ideal attraction.

With long long monologues that would be a credit to Max Bygraves, the set is predictable, and a dream of dread called "Late Last Night" is the only innovation. But it's the celebratory nature of just the tried and true that everyone undoubtedly wants.

The Rats just blast out all the hits and more, so complete is their assurance and so total the response.

"Joey's On The Street Again" sees the welcome entrance of "Oirish" John Earl (moustache and saxophone). An awesome sight in his "genuine 1959 Irish showband jacket", it's Earl who contributes that heroic thick and filthy sax sound to the current hit "Rat Trap": a trite and corny song but when imbued with Geldof's trash-theatrics, nothing short of brilliant.

Alternately populist and arrogant, Geldof's attitude to his audience is ambivalent.

"When you're lookin' at a danceband you're supposed to DANCE!" he roars, wiping out the last pocket of resistance. Yet in his triumph he can fleetingly look cynical and dispirited that he gets his way so easily.

The Rats can now consolidate their role as mass-entertainers for the under-18s with Geldof as big brother; they would be just the job for kiddies' parties. But it'd be an easy option.

Instead they could follow the riskier and more demanding fine, hard line of rock 'n' roll proper. The Rats plus maturity *would* be something; if they don't sell themselves short.

Paul Du Noyer

Just EC, sinking under Muddy Waters

Eric Clapton Muddy Waters

Hammersmith Odeon

It's no mere coincidence that when EC was born in 1945, Muddy Waters had moved to Chicago, bought his first electric guitar, met up with Sonny Boy Williamson, and started recording his original Delta blues.

No coincidence because Clapton was primarily responsible for steering electric blues into a mass-media, multi-million production capable of selling out base-ball stadia in less time than it took him to tune-up.

And the vast amount of 'battle-of-the-giants' reviews the two have collected are justified by Clapton's choice to ignore his recent schmaltz/country influences, and play a predominantly blues-based set.

Judging the pair of them on their own terms, Muddy was on safe ground, receiving an almost obligatory standing ovation.

This left Clapton to prove that his last 15 years had raised trad-blues to a definitive level of technique and sophistication.

Muddy Waters' support set was outright brilliant. Whatever their equipment, his six-piece band sounded like they were jamming in a ransacked tenement block. Every note was crystal clear, but cut with gloriously seedy, raw edge.

The numbers just cluttered along, threaded out with complex blues runs, highlighted by James Cotton hauling the honkiest bass notes from his harp against the fine backseat keyboards of the magnificent 'Pinetop' Perkins.

Muddy let them warm up then shambled on in his lounge-bar suit, propped himself on a stool and launched into an affectionate run of all his classics.

He started out low-key, gave Perkins most of the vocal on "Kansas City" played some crazed slide guitar, and by "Mannish Boy" had dropped the axe and was leaping about on the stage cat-walks.

He wound up a sadly short set with the encore "Got My Mojo Working", proving that he *can't* be beat.

When Clapton played Blackbushe he shared the frontline vocal with Marcy Levy and the guitar instrumental with George Terry. Now without them, he could hardly hold it together, and turned in a set that was invariably listless and ultimately dismal as hell. The blame fell squarely on his mixing crew and his stoutly unimaginative band.

Much of his act (particularly "Layla") suffered without a second guitar, and Dick Sims was forced to substitute his warbling ice-rink organ, leaving Clapton to build his admittedly excellent solos on Jamie Oldaker's lumpish drumming and Carl Radle's regimented bass.

They took no risks, had no real interchange and just put up a perfunctory backdrop with acres of wasted space.

The slow blues pace permeated everything, giving us a sluggish lilting "Crossroads", a decidedly vacant "Badge", and the mediocre downhome boogie, "Tulsa Time".

The only sign of life was in JJ Cale's "Cocaine"; but it wasn't enough to salvage what was otherwise a depressing spectacle.

An old Clapton quote nagged in my mind: "Given a choice between accomplishing something and just lying around, I'd rather lie around. No contest."

No doubt . . . No change? *No* comment.

Mark Ellen

CLAPTON 'n' WATERS. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

Van Morrison

Los Angeles

Van Morrison has never been at ease with audiences.

After performing for over a decade with Them and through his evocative solo career, the situaton hasn't changed dramatically. The songs remain powerful and he sings expressively; yet underneath it all the shyness remains.

You *know* Morrison would prefer to be in his dressing room rather than under the lights.

Like Presley concerts, Morrison requires the crowd to watch passively as he goes through the motions until one or two brilliant moments make it all worthwhile.

His return to L.A. after a four year absence was marked by this special intimate performance at the 500 seat Roxy niteclub. And "Wavelength", his most satisfying LP for some time, added to the anticipatory excitement.

Last year's "A Period Of Transition" album proved to be just that: a transitory work where Van came up with the right ingredients, but was unable to figure out complementary musical settings. But "Wavelength" is a strong set of dazzling tunes capable of consistently holding the listener's attention.

On stage, Morrison has surrounded himself with an admirable band featuring the same musicians as on the current album.

Camel's Peter Bardens (keyboards/synthesizer) and ex-Jeff Beck Group/Hummingbird front-man Bobby Tench (guitar and background vocals) direct the outfit well, complementing Van's erratic vocal phrasing with sympathetic precision.

Although Morrison opened with "Brown Eyed Girl", he played random album songs rather than the sure-fire favourites "Into The Mystic," "Wild Night" and "Moondance", which he featured at the start of this tour. Instead he built a steady set of slices from most of his LPs. Most encouraging was that all the songs from "Wavelength" were effectively moving.

The most memorable oldies were "Tupelo Honey", "Stone Me", "Moonshine Whiskey" and the stirring "Caravan" with Van occasionally playing acoustic guitar.

At times he was relaxed, snapping his fingers and smiling. But for most of the show he remained serious, concentrating on a careful performance.

He was most convincing on "Wavelength", "Checkin' It Out", "Hungry For Your Love" and the riveting "Kingdom Hall" (from the last album), revealing that he too appreciates the excellence of the new material.

And the show climaxed with an encore of "Cyprus Avenue", with his obligatory dropkicks and impassioned vocals.

Morrison isn't a particularly exciting performer, but his intoxicating hybrid of blues and rock music is staggering; it ensures he'll *always* give a good show.

Justin Pierce

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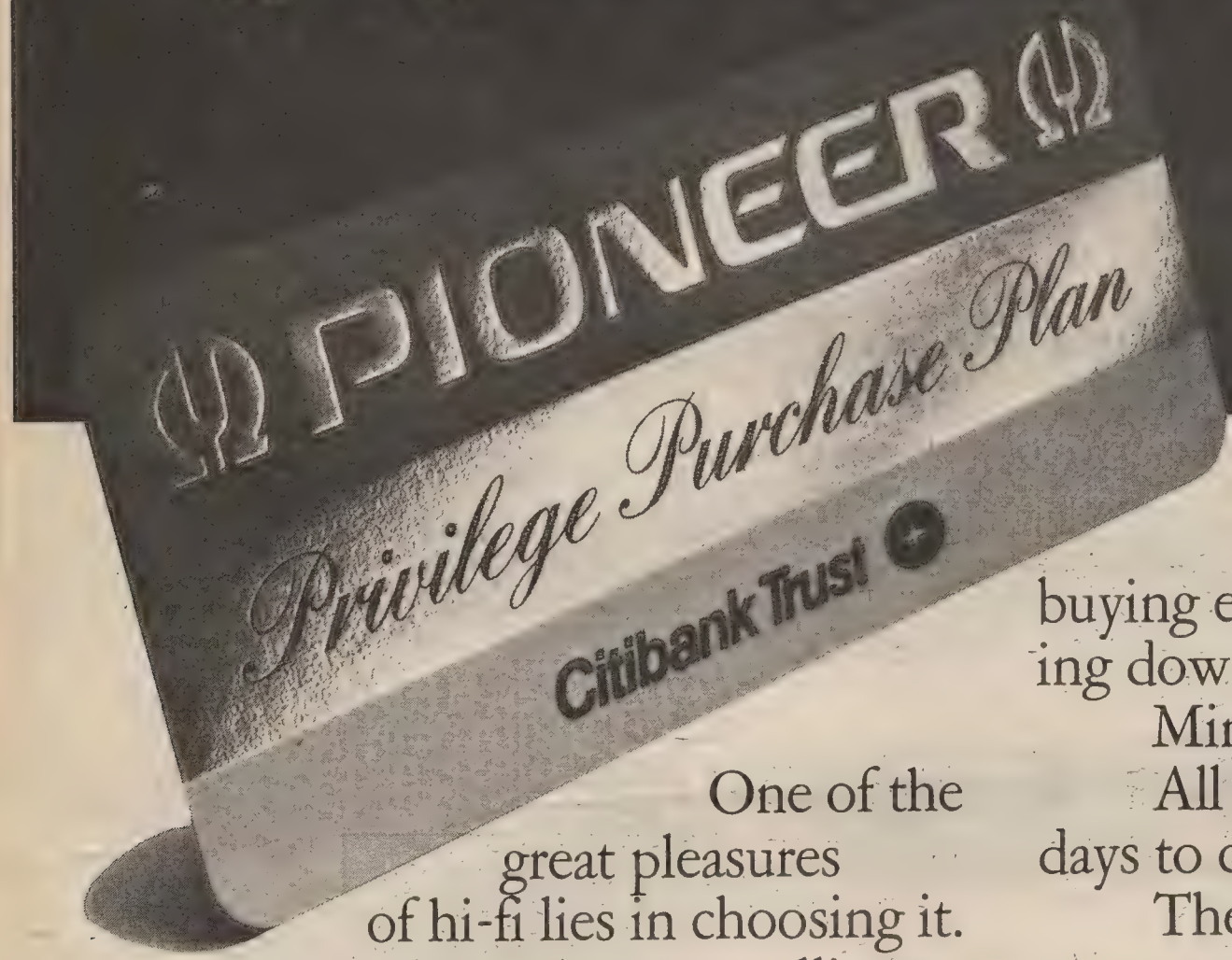

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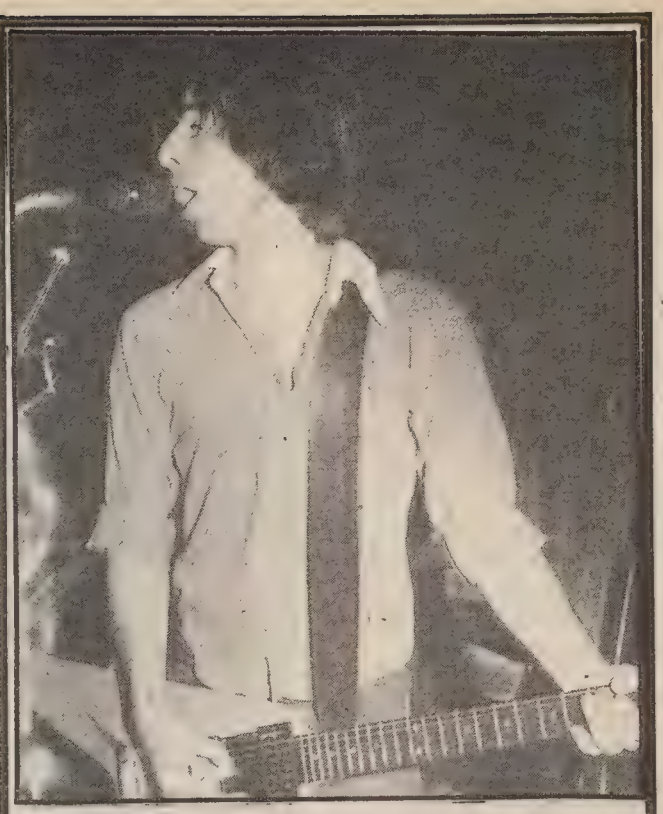

DOGS' Laurin Molinaire. Pic: 'STEVE DIXON

Barking in the wrong city

The Dogs
Staa Marx

Hope and Anchor

For once the support band at Islington's Hope and Anchor were worth seeing.

From Bognor Regis, Staa Marx could make it if they carry on writing and producing music like this.

Barry Sims and Pete Macer are on guitar and vocals; Martin Sims on bass and vocals; and on drums, Robin Parker. Visually they're nothing, but their music is alive, kicking and full of vitality, reminiscent of early Rezillos. Particularly effective is "You Only Die Twice", a revamp of "Live And Let Die". Other numbers included "Last Man On Earth", "Blue Brigade", "Tube" and "Failsafe", all knocked out in quick succession, pausing between each only long enough to exchange a few pleasantries with the audience.

"Me And My Radio" is catchy and well structured, with a disembodied Diddy David Hamilton jingle cleverly introduced, astonishing the band. I can see it on *Top Of The Pops* now.

Hi y'all! Yissiree, it's your all-American heavy metal trio The Dogs skipping onstage

The Rezillos Machine turns it in

REZILLOS. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

The Rezillos
The Undertones
Ralph and the Ponytails

Lyceum

Heard the one about the Irish band, the Scots band and the Welsh band who played London's Lyceum?

From Edinburgh there were these five Rezillos. Lusty, trashy and gaudy, it was their last time on English soil and it will matter little that their farewell was a slightly muted affair, dogged from the start by sound problems. The gig was a gesture, a thankyou. And significantly vocalist Eugene didn't harangue the audience as he did at the Music Machine last summer. Nobody got their head kicked in tonight.

They were joined by their former bassist, William Mysterious, on saxophone as they ran through most of the "Can't Stand" album, plus a welter of newer, unrecorded songs destined to crop up on live vinyl.

Their devastating debut single aside, The Rezillos were always best as a live act: one who never truly captured their tacky stage fury on record.

Earlier their party thunder was all but stolen by Derry's finest, The Undertones.

They went down better than they were prepared to acknowledge and vocalist Fergal Sharkey's good natured jibes at the pogoers were a shade misplaced.

Ludicrously, The Undertones were the only band not to encore.

Although the band didn't scale the heights reached only a few weeks back on their London debut at the Marquee they still convinced me that they're already special.

Delivering the clearest, purest rock 'n' roll I have witnessed for many a gig, they make their obvious mentors (Heartbreakers, Jones and Cook) look like jaded has-beens.

They even get away with bringing unseasonal cheer ("Here Comes The Summer" "our Christmas single", joked the squinting Sharkey), covering The Glitterband ("Just For You"), while "Teenage Kicks" with its cheekily acknowledged heist from "He's A Rebel" must rank as the year's saddest single.

Their vocal strength sets them apart from so many superficially identical outfits, particularly chain-smoking Sharkey's quavering whine which is guaranteed to send a shiver down most spines.

Keeping The Rezillos tradition of assembling a challenging, offbeat support bill, the evening began with a spirited, shambolic thrash from Welsh combo Ralph and The Ponytails, wacky seven-piece garageband.

They parody numerous stock figures and forms — Meg Richardson, James Bond, Radio One, macho manhood, reggae — and even dedicated a song to the *NME* dynamic parajournalist duo Tony and Julie ("A-Bomb In Tony Parsons' House")!

But their all too self-conscious anti-professionalism became a bit tiresome after a half dozen numbers.

Adrian Thrills

The Streetband

Nashville

With the accidental Top 20 "Toast" under their belts, The Streetband could be wrongly pigeon-holed as one-off pedlars of throwaway art.

But any preconceptions of a night of Pete 'n' Dud style frivolity were promptly shattered by a superlative performance of twang, razzamatazz and structured chaos.

Their act embodied a wide range of talents: a defiant sense of comedy, a spontaneous empathy with the punters and a compelling brand of rock music.

Fronted by the debonair barrow-boy persons of Paul Young sporting a Joe Brown haircut and Hilton spiv suit, The Streetband maintained a constant high on the excitometer. Gravel vocals and some neat harmonies were merged expertly with bass (Mick Pearl), drums (Chalkie), and guitars (Roger Kelly and John Gifford).

UNDERTONE Fergal Sharkey

Their repertoire comprises originals plus a coupla cover versions. A low-key rendition of Shakin' All Over", replete with wilful Micky Mouse instrumentals and androidal strutting about, emphasises that they could be 79's prime agents of rock burlesque — which "Toast" merely suggested.

I can't help liking The Streetband. Maybe it's because they remind me of The Goodies, or perhaps I'm prejudiced in favour of a charismatic live group who can wield a plectrum with the best of 'em, *and* pepper the whole event with fun, subversion and self parody.

Rick Joseph

Robin Williamson's Merry Band

Royalty Theatre

The curious and largely underrated excursion that took The Incredible String Band through their experimental first five years, and later on to a less successful acoustic/electric fusion, now finds the band's co-founder, Robin Williamson, completing a musical full circle.

Four years living in LA, and the formation of his all-acoustic Merry Band (a misleading twee name), have given him the freedom to re-instate his original influences and return to writing contemporary Celtic songs.

More importantly, he's rid himself of what was the String Band's greatest limiations: their ever-changing "ideology". If you weren't with it from the start, it was hard to latch on to mid-way.

At London's Royalty Willliamson was on magnificent form as ceremonial host. He rambled confidently between songs, dividing the two sets between Celtic-based folk and theatrical farce, and readings of his poems and prose.

Most of the songs — "The Poacher", "The Hardwood Logs", "The Spurious Boyhood Of Henry Morgan" — re-worked age-old themes with insignificant lyrics. But all were precisely arranged, perfectly balancing their combination of harp, fiddle, flute and mandolin.

He also included "Zoo Blues", a deliberately appalling amalgam of animal puns exploiting his self-confessed "weak" humour. And the best of his newer material was "These Are The Mythic Times", with its looser feel, and his characteristic free-flowing vocal.

But the most striking additions were his readings.

Now adopting a more objective, historical view of Celtic folklore and mythology, the first poem "The Five Denials On Merlin's Grave", set to a harp, fiddle and flute backing, was a re-appraisal of "non-barbaric Man"; and the imagery, flavour and music suggested every period from Saxon to 19th Century.

The second was a very different prose extract from his retrospective "Mirror Man Sequences", In this he brilliantly portrayed the artist as an erstwhile sheep-rustler.

Although he could have played endless encores from his past, he instead chose to end with a classic version of "The Circle Is Unbroken".

He convinced me that of all those loosely assembled under the "folk flag" (except The Chieftains), Williamson has imagination and diversity, *and* a total independence that will always ensure he's in a league of his own.

Mark Ellen

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Sylvester the pussycat

Sylvester

Hammersmith Odeon

The homosexual transvestite Sylvester made an outrageous British debut that all the young funkers (new perms and pegs) will remember long after their soul shoes have gathered dust in the attic.

I had originally approached this concert with apprehension. Admittedly Sylvester sometimes makes great records, but Disco artistes are notoriously unable to translate their recorded performance into live excitement. In fact, before this all the recent soul concerts I'd seen, *including* Joe "Cabaret" Tex's autumn debacle, had been desperately disappointing.

This time such fears were totally unfounded.

Sylvester may be the last of the Glam Rockers, the Wayne County of Disco even, but his show ranks with The Best.

Resplendent in silky black threads with glitter trimmings, he's flanked for the whole performance by the Two Tons Of Fun: two big, black mamas, who contribute as much as the man himself with their soaring, trenchant vocals.

Visually this frontline triumvirate is as imposing in its own way as that of The Clash.

Apart from the inevitable dry ice, the concert is — mostly free of showbiz gloss. Even the simple tinsel backdrop is modest considering Sylvester's reputation as a lavish set designer.

But, as he said in one of his "intimate" raps with the groovers at the front, "These singers don't need this glitter, y'all. It's jus' down to the music with us y'all."

Ooo wee! And so it goes with over an hour of pacey racey disco heat, driven relentlessly by the omnipresent drums 'n' bass sizzle and throb, and embellished by the tremulous warbling of the synthesizer and the succinctly understated keyboards.

After a respite for the night's only ballad and another *"intimate"* rap (in turn corny, embarrassing, perfunctory and sincere), it was up, up and away again for Sylv's archaic melodrama "I Who Have Nothing".

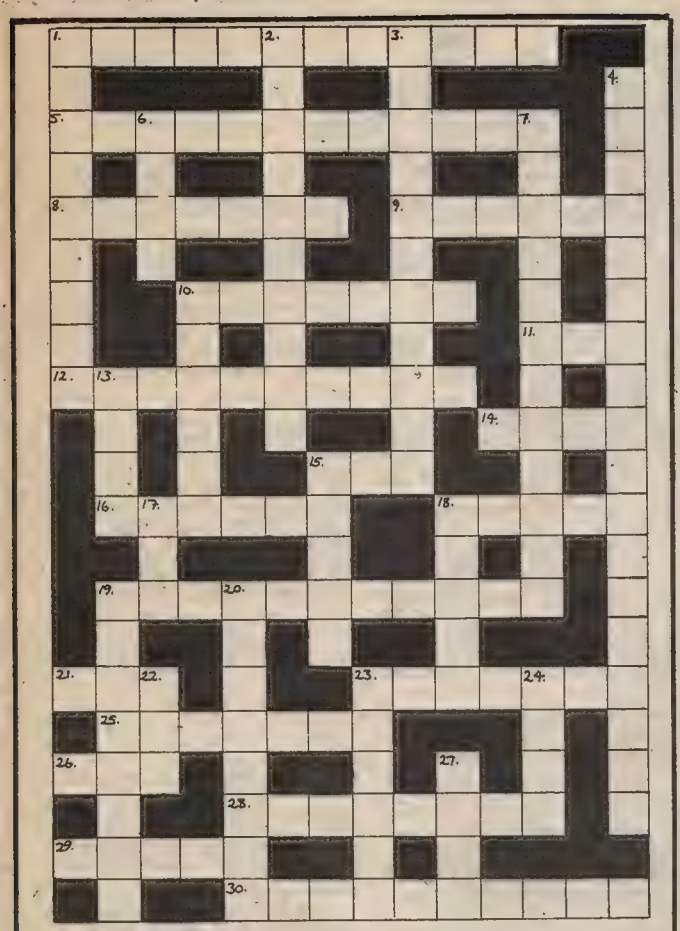
Followed by two songs most familiar to my swivelling hip joints — the singles "Dance" and the superb "Mighty Real" — two dozen kids transform the Odeon into the dance floor of Ilford's Lacy Lady. And you thought that only happened at Lurkers gigs?

Sylvester may come from a sheltered American West Coast 'upper middle class black bourgeois background' so things are different for him, but the *'message'* is the same: forget what they say and be what you want to be.

And at the same time you can shake your booty!

Adrian Thrills

Miaow ... Pic: ROB HALL



ACROSS

1 Oh no, low jinks! (anag. 5, 7)
5 Caution: that mumbling you hear may be M. Oldfield brewing up a bit of sorcery!
8 Punks on loitering charges!
9 Recent hit 45 for the Glasgow growler
10 *Cryptic City, fans!* Part of Macbeth not available for a quid, punks included!
11 A distress call from Edwin Starr
12 The B.M.A.'s star graduate, guaranteed to chase away them blues (2, 8)
14 Palindromic McGarrigle
15 Companionship of the kind you've been warned against?
16 The UK one used to sing with the Dakotas, the Yankee one with MC5
18 &23 across. All these give the hippie a disturbance!!!
19 Floyd guitarist who's always out tending the plants! (5, 6)
21 Poorly educated person's call for assistance!!!
23 See 18 across
25 Little Richard oldie
26 Is this the price of the Babylonian Bus Tour?
28 It can put a record in the charts, or a flasher in the dock!
29 *Cryptic City reprise:* Gamble heavily on a Yankee yamp!
30 Trader wot's rearranged!

DOWN

1 Chiswick rockabilly combo who blow up a storm!
2 Disturbed Hull jotter meets old wave pomp-rockers! (6, 4)
3 Line up a precious stone! *(Have fun crypt-kickers!)* (4, 7)
4 Q. What have Billy Idol, Debbie Harry and Andy Warhol got in common? And why should they have a better time than the rest of us? (7, 4, 4, 3)
6 Useful when the band's on the road, presumably!
7 1 across' new band (5, 7)
10 Little Miss Dynamite of the '50s charts
13 See 22
15 James' colour?
17 Got on the rock'n'roll map in '78 thanks to Steve and Paul, Rockin' Ronnie and Talcy Malc
18 Alloy or iron and reggae!
19 Chuck instructions to corpse of a composer! (4, 4)
20 Does he . . . um . . . *arrange* things in the studio?!
22 & 13 Music you might hear at the hop *(geddit?)*, on tap as it were *(geddit?)*!
23 Bowie LP remembered every first Sunday in November!?
24 Princess of the air
27 Square label

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "Give 'Em Enough Rope"; 6 Ronnie Spector; 9 (Mike) Batt; 10 Rory Gallagher; 13 Rainbow; 15 Nils (Lofgren); 16 (Germ Free) Adolescence"; 17 Tina Turner; 21 & 20 Kevin Godley; 24 Brian Wilson; 25 Thin (Lizzy); 26 Ginger Baker.

DOWN: 1 "Germ Free (Adolescence); 2 Van Morrison; 3 (Wreckless) Eric; 4 "Ole Ola"; 5 "Part Time Love"; 7 Sailor; 8 (Peter) Tosh; 9 "Brown Girl In The (Ring)"; "(I Heard It Through The) Grapevine"; 12 Gene Clark; 14 America; 16 Andy Gibb; 18 Ramones; 19 Eddie (Cochran); 22 "(Brown Girl In The) Ring"; 23 "(Back In The) USSR".

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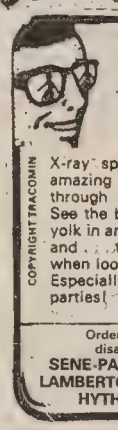

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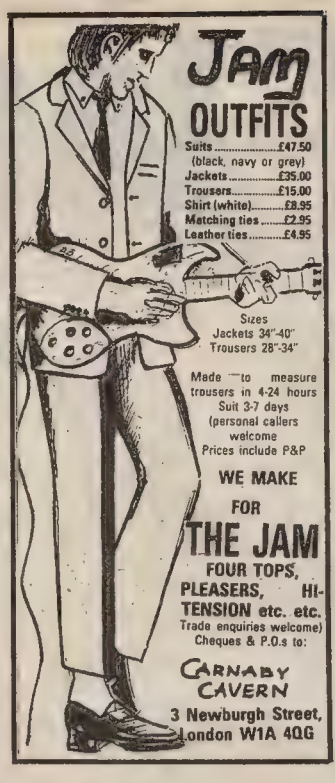

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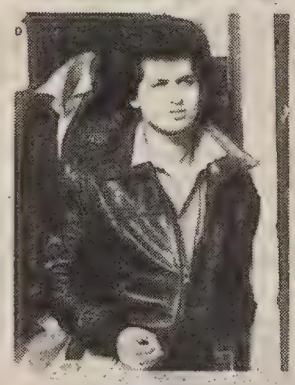

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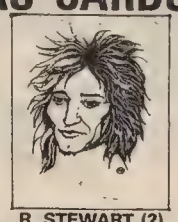
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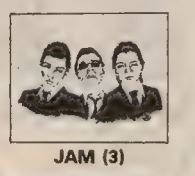
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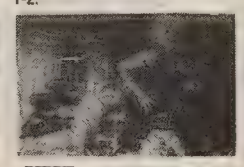
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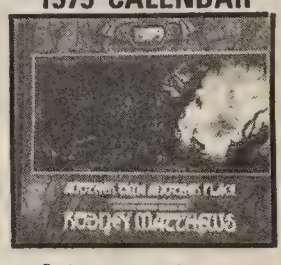

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GUY, 21, seeks girl to tour Europe '79. Box no. 3690.

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LONELY GUY, 18, seeks similar female to write or meet. Avon, Somerset, Gloucester, anywhere! Write to: Box no. 3692.

NATIONWIDE FRIENDS etc. Long standing service. Stamp please: "G Secretary", The Golden Wheel, Liverpool, L15 3HT.

PENFRIENDS USA - Make interesting, lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests for free reply. Harmony, Box 1X, Brooklyn, NY11223.

POETRY WANTED over £1,700 in prizes annually. Subscription £10. For free criticism send to Regency Press, 43 New Oxford St., WC1A 1BH. Dept A3.

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SINCERE GUY, 22, seeks chick 18 to 30, into heavy rock. Photo appreciated. London/South East preferred. Box no. 3691.

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■ *from page 25*

and aware of what's required more than any similar entertainers from the Stones to T. Rex.

Traditional! Mere mortals!

"The ambitions of the band are always very mundane. Very obvious. My ambitions come down to just having choice in my life. At the moment I'm not really permitted to have any. I want to get rid of certain restraints. I want to get rid of these restraints more for myself than for the world."

The only way to conclude any piece on the Rats is to accommodate the band's most immediate ambition. Which is, in some perverted echo of an old fading tradition. America. What else could it be after a number one? (don't answer — you'll spoil the tone of this fade . . .)

The band view it as 'interesting.' Geldof, inevitably, elaborates, as Trevor controls the coach through the last few miles to London. "I've no particular fondness for the place as the home of rock'n'roll. To be honest I could do without the fucking place. But it's a challenge. I don't know how we'll do. I've no intention of playing the toilets of Texas for three years. I've no intention of getting lost in the midwest. There must be better ways of doing it, No way will I do the Bottom Line . . . those record company canteens. Fuck that. There's no way I'll pull a Slade or a Sweet and disappear over there and forget about here . . ."

(Here it comes . . .)

". . . . I'd like to play with some turkeys like Aerosmith, who are still pulling large crowds but in my opinion are on the way down . . . they haven't got one wit of musical bollow between them.

"And not only will Steve Tyler (of Aerosmith) get pissed off because he's got another Jagger look-alike up his sleeve but also 'cos I'm a lot better on stage than he could ever be. I'd love to play with any of them ... those characterless turkeys, those faceless American bands ... Foreigner, Boston ...

"There's no competition in America, just the system to overcome. I really don't doubt that we'll crack America, putting on my usual risk of being made to look a complete prat in a years time. If I'm wrong, I'm wrong. But like a year ago I said we'd be number one! Maybe we'll stiff. I honestly don't know."

IF ANYONE is going to 'crack' America, and all that entails (shake up, lethargy, complacency, following leaders, scared media, politics, radio) which is really quite heavy, it's going to be the Rats. Their music is firmly R&B rooted, they are not especially colloquially innaccessible, they can sell themselves better than any marketing campaign, they are tremendous performers, and ultimately they don't care if they win through or not. And are certainly not going to sweat over it. And why should they.

Finally, essentially, crucially, the Boomtown Rats are not afraid of trivialities. THAT is their genius.

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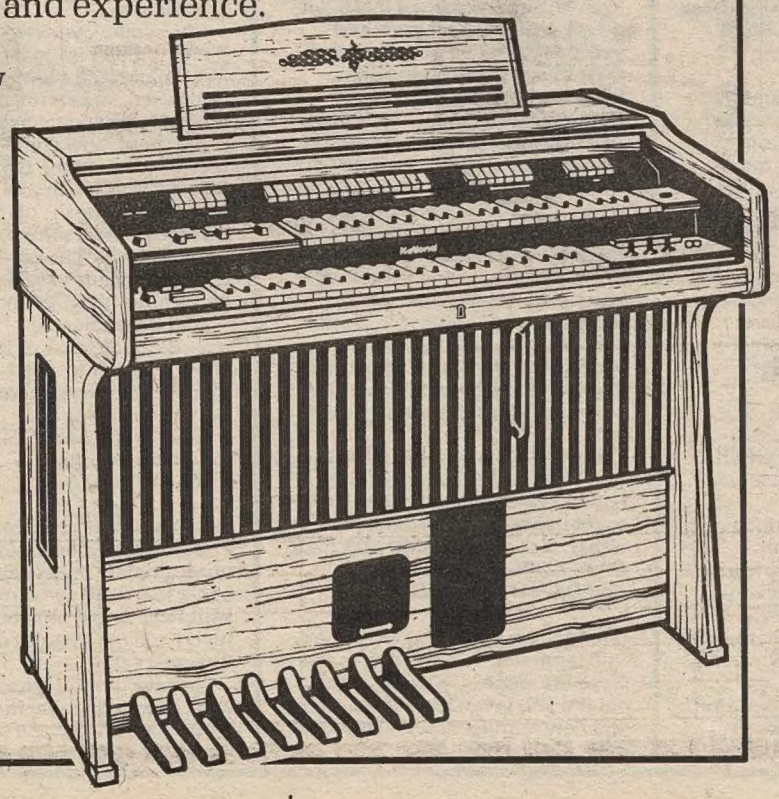

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DISGUISE IN LOVE

Cut out and keep this wacky picture, kids. If you've got this and the others from the series, you could get lucky.

See next week's full page ads.

I would just like to say a few words regarding Stephen "Cat" Coore's (of the Third World) moronic statement sbout cocaine in your November 18th issue.

"Coke like they take it in the States really wires you up. Yet on the other hand you have these people in places like Peru who have been chewing the leaves and having it as part of their own thing."

If by "wired up" he means that it causes mental excitement, delirium, ataxy, which can lead to acts of aggression and later causes headaches and depression, he is quite correct. But if he thinks it's any different for the Peruvian peasants he referred to, he is wrong.

He says that they chew the leaves of the coca plant as part of their own "thing". Bullshit. The reason most of the peasants chew the leaves is because, being so badly impoverished, they use coca to deaden their empty stomachs.

Unfortunately, the habit doesn't end with chewing coca for relief of hunger and fatigue. The habit can soon become severe addiction, bringing on a state of apathy and complete indifference to one's surroundings.

The addict's health soon becomes impaired, leading to complete reliance on the toxic properties of the herb. The complexion becomes sallow, and a constant sense of itching and irritation of the skin leads to constant discomfort. Addiction becomes worse and leads to derangement of the nervous system, headaches, loss of appetite, total inability to sleep which aggravates mental depression. Years of suffering may drag on before the addict dies an extremely painful death.

Addiction to coca or cocaine is highly dangerous. "Cat" obviously doesn't know what he was talking about, but he has a lot of influence with young people and his attitude to them is so irresonsible as to be almost unbelievable.

It might be nice if people like him used their brains instead of saying every chic thing that comes into their heads. If they want to fuck themselves up, let them. But why influence the weakest members of so-called society to do the same thing.

ERICA ARTHURS, Gloucester.

Yeah, disgusting drug, innit? Beats us why all these fat dope-smoking hippies are always whinning about speed. We gave our boys over 250 million standard-dose amphetamine tablets during World War II and it didn't do *them* **any harm — ALLIED EDS.**

I was most upset to see a "Rock Against Pixies" member write to *NME*.

Please stop printing these letters because they give us law-abiding pixies a bad name.

Thank you.

RICK THE MAGIC PIXIE. Under A Toadstool, Japan.

P.S. How about a "Rock Against Pixies" backlash?

Better yet, howzabout some fraternal support for our comrades fighting the good fight in "Elves Against Goblins?" — CHIEF SPOKESPERSON OF "SPIRITS AGAINST IMPS".

I'm listening to Peel . . . he's playing the new Public Image LP. I can't believe what I am hearing.

Lydon, you are a traitor. You've fooled us all for too long now. I suppose we should have got the message when "Greatest Hits" — sorry — "Bollocks" came out. "First edition" is the epitome of what Punk fought against. Lydon, you bastard, kids get beaten up, harassed, KILLED for Punk and its principles. What do you give us now??

"Theme"?

It sounds like Black Sabbath on Mandrax played at 16 rpm. What a cop-out, Johnny Rotten. The whole scene is a wash-out. I suppose Sid will be the next to sell out.

Then again, if "Cowboy Song" is where Punk is at now . . . then thank Christ it's dying on its feet.

Don't spend all your royalties in one shop, Johnny.

KINGO, Horwich, Bolton.

Don't listen to the puck, John — ALL AT *SEDITIONARIES,* **KING'S ROAD.**

Dear Siouxsie and The Banshees:

I would like to take this opportunity to offer my deepest apologies for that apology of an awful audience at your rearranged gig at Liverpool University.

Jesus, they were worse than you.

SOMEONE WHO ACTUALLY GOT HIS ROCKS OFF AT YOUR CONCERT (A MEMBER OF L.U., TOO).

When I get to the bottom I go back to the top of the slide! — PAUL McCARTNEY.

Dear Bag, am I the first person to say that The Clash album stinks?

P.S. I recently read news in another music paper that bands like Led Zeppelin, Rainbow and AC/DC actually exist. This is not at all evident from reading *NME*.

HOPPER, Lancs

P.P.S. Give 'em enough rope and they might just be good and hang themselves.

We live in hope - BERNARD RHODES' DOPPELGANGER

I'm trying to make a name for myself in the world of abusive letter writing and wonder whether either of the two efforts below are suitably vitriolic.

(A) Dear Bag, look, I'm not trying to say that Paul Morley, Ian Penman and Howard Devoto are pretty fucking boring but every time — yawn — I try . . . yawwwnnn . . . yeeeagh . . . to write a complain . yawn . . . zzzzzzzzz . . . zzzzzzzzzzzz . . . zzzzzzzzzzzzzz. . . Or:

(B) Dear Bag, I thought that kind of fatuous drivel that Messers Devoto, etcetera gave us last week was exactly what most of the "New Wave" was supposed to be a reaction against.

Yours wonderfully,

GERALD LENGTH (AND BAR, T.C.P.), Pretender to the throne of Russia.

No, no. no, Gerald! Thousands of such letters are burned in a giant waste-paper basket each and every day. You've got to capture their imagination, stand apart from the herd, BE ORIGINAL!! Something like this — Dear Bag, you filthy pinko commie faggot fascist homo Zionists slagged off the greatest band in the world last week. Of course, I am talking about (name illegible) so me and the rest of the Neanderthal Stag Night Lads are going to saw off you faces, napalm your oh-so trendy so-coool offices in sleek chic Carnaby Street, get our brothers to get you at play-time and that's just for starters. I bet you don't print this letter. Yours, etc.

Get the idea, Gerald? And why don't you write it with cut-out letters? Nobody does that. On toilet paper. Nobody does that either. Not ever. ALLIED EDS SICK OF READING THE SAME OLD TIRED CRAP IN GASBAG.

So, Paul you think it's O.K. to belt out Jammusic for 45 minutes then leave the stage? Oh yeah, all the old fire and verve were there; old and new numbers. But 45 minutes, man, it's just not on!

So how did the crowd react to this? They went ape-shit — but backways, sideways, every which way for more and pissed a few pants in the process. You stung 'em so clean Mr Weller, they didn't even know they were being decapitated. So this is the Modern World?

Sure you played two encores — but that didn't bring it up to the hour mark. It all seemed so, calculated, so careful, so "Gee thanx for having us back!"

And Paul, how come the pathetic Dickies were on the bill — It reflects on you! Was it to make your show that much better? You didn't need that ploy. There are a load more worthy bands who could have done a bunk up, which your tour could have given them.

And the audience . . . they didn't even say a dicky bird. They didn't know whether to spit, twist, wiggle their arses or crap themselves! Some even clapped!?

This boy looked at Paul and found him wanting.

TOM, St Pauls, Bristol

I went to the Electric Ballroom on Friday, December 1, but unfortunately my evening was spoilt thanks to some morons who kept kicking and punching my friend and me thought out the Sham 69 set.

I believe Jimmy Pursey could see what was happening (on yer right by the amps, Jim), but he took no notice. Then he spouted a load of bullshit about how if there was any violence tonight then Sham would quit. Beautifully said but actions speak louder than words. I am too scared to go to the Rainbow alone (d'ya hear that, Jim?).

The only thing that Friday night proved is that the song is true. What have we got? FUCK ALL!

TRACEY GRIFFIN (someone who's not too scared — YET to write complaining letters to music papers), Sutton, Surrey.

OPEN LETTER TO JIMMY PURSEY,

Two weeks ago I travelled all the way from Halifax across to Bradford to see Sham 69. They didn't turn up. No explanation. None necessary, eh, Pursey?

So we went again last week. Where were you, Pursey? Filming for *Top Of The Pops?* No explanation was given; as I got my money back they said they hadn't got any explanation from the band.

When I left I saw a dog pissing up against a Sham 69 poster and it all seemed clear then. Pursey, you've disappointed a lot of Punks here.

I shoulda stuck to The Clash anyway.

ANDY, Halifax.

Since summer 1978 the number of letters to The Bag complaining about writers slagging off fave bands has been increasingly rivalled by letters from kids complaining about the way *bands* **have allegedly treated** *them.* **Without exception, the correspondence has pertained to the behaviour of "New Wave" bands — not that the new(ish) acts are any more likely to abuse their fans than the Old Guard. However, we don't know all the rights and wrongs of this particular case, so it ain't fair to comment. Maybe Mister Pursey himself could give us his side of the story?**

I hate Radio One with its middle-aged DJ's who do impressions of John Wayne, it's Tony Blackbums, Peter Powells, Irritating D.L.T.'s, inoffensive Simon Bateses, smug, typically English John Peels.

I'm sick of hanging around colleges/universities with a can of lager in my hand, waiting on some smug, half-educated student to sign me into his/her little club, just so I can have the privilege of watching some boring, inoffensive, capitalist produced band. All students should have their union cards stuck up their arse and stamped on their foreheads so they could be banned from all public gigs.

I'm sick of listening to The Clash, Sham 69, Public Image, Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks, Penetration, X-Ray Spex etc, etc with their £500 Gibson Les Pauls, and their £10,000 Marshall P.A.'s, telling me how boring it is to have no money, no girlfriend, being on the dole etc, etc. I hate bands, newspapers, universities, TV programmes, politicians, unions etc, whose only motive it to encourage the proletariat not to think for themselves.

I detest *Snouds*. I hate *Monotony Maker* and I loathe the *Parsons Family Express* with it's smart-ass excuses for journalists. I hate stupid millionaires like The Rolling Stones, Queen, Led Zeppelin, Boston, John Travolta, Johnny Rotten etc who have nothing of any interest to say about anyone or anything except themselves.

I hate America, with its racist, anti-communist politicians, it's plastic contrived people and it's president whose main claim to fame is that he owns a peanut farm. I hate the English monarchy who recieve more money in one year than the entire working-class population will earn in its whole working career.

I detest the capitalist CBI, Labour, Conservative and Liberal Parties whose political life is spent filling their own pockets. I hate people who write to music papers because their favourite band never did an encore, I hate favourite bands who write into music papers explaining to people why they never did an encore.

I love Scotland, Russia, Karl Marx, Hugh MacDiarmid, Communists, Lenin, Leon Chestov, David McLean, Wales, Ireland, Cornwall, Freidrich Engels, Kant, Homer, Gaelic, Robert Burns, China, Women (models to shop-assistants). I want a revolution.

(To be continued)

REVOLUTIONARY, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Meself, I don't like revolutions — CZAR NICHOLAS II, 1868 - 1918.

Trampling the running Huns underfoot, they advance ever closer to the burning suburbs of crumbling Berlin. Snort your crushed-down KP rations NOW, for the zone you are about to enter has been declared. . .

ALLIED BAG

Edited by Joey, Frankie and Winnie

Howcum there's no letters about me? — J. MORRISON.

Howcum there's no letters about us? — J. BURCHILL, T. PARSONS

T-ZERS

HAS A SMASHING TIME

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

Ian Ovry and Chas Jzankel demonstrate the Blockhead technique for dealing with undesirable discs in preparaion for nutting Danny Baker, whose feature on Ian & da boize is in next week's fab ish of the world's most festive rock weekly.

Turbulence, change, decay, writs, violence, disasters, gunpowder, treason and plot . . . the view from the *T-Zerz* desk this pre-Christmas week is one of unrelieved MISERY, ladies and gentlemen. Where, we ask ourselves, is the bloody messiah now that we really need him? Bruce? BRUCE?

Sid Vicious has, as you may have heard, been celebrating the onset of the festive season in his own unique manner: he allegedly shoved a broken beer bottle into the face of Patti Smith's brother/roadie **Todd** (a much nicer brother that Patti deserves, as it happens) in a dumb altercation in a New York disco and got handed a "Go directly to jail/forfeit your $50,000 bail" card. Todd Smith, meanwhile, will be spending Christmas with five stitches over his left eye . . .

Incidentally (1), Sid faces a maximum of seven years jail for the assault charge. What a lad, eh! Incidentally (2) before this latest "incident", Sid had apparently been enjoying a rich and varied sex life thanks to the following witty and apposite pulling line "'Ere, I 'avn't 'ad anyone since Nancy — wanna portion?"

Incidentally (3), *NME's* New York bureau chief and photographer, **Joe Stevens**, was delighted to find himself stuck with a massive phone bill after putting **Malcolm "Legs" McLaren** up on his premises for the duration of the *l'affaire Sid*, especially since the Talcy One now seems reluctant to make any financial (or other) contribution to said bill . . .

More blood, carnage and disaster: **Southside Johnny** fell off stage and severed an artery *(messy, that — medical Ed)* while he and **The Asbury Jukes** were playing a radio station party in Sacramento last week, while **Buddy Miles** (older readers will remember that he used to play drums with — among others — Jimi Hendrix, Wilson Pickett and the Electric Flag back in the '60s as well as leading his own band and teaming with Carlos Santana) is currently doing two years stir in Hollywood after being found guilty of two theft charges while on probation for a drug charge (PCP Angel dust to you — in case you're interested). Exciting lives these peoiple lead, huh? . . .

Is this taking the piss or what? The new exciting, dynamic **Mike Oldfield** not to be confused with the old boring tedious wimpy approved-by-Derek-Jewell-and-Karl-Dallas type Mike Oldfield) has separated from his wife after a whole monthof what we are regretfully forced to assume must have been less than blissful nuptials. Oldfield and his bride **Diana** met on a — chortle — self-improvement course with the esteemed therapy cult Exegis, who are also Diana's full-time employers. Enigmatic Mike would only murmur, "we both got what we wanted out of the marriage." The mind is almost afraid to boggle ...

No such reluctance is, however, present at the announcement of a **Nancy Spungen** Memorial Concert set for Tuesday the 19th of this month, the same date as **The Clash's** Sid Vicious benefit gig against which this concert is a protest. The band in question are **Cash Pussies,** formed by **Alex Fergusson** (last heard of with **ATV**) and sundry members of **Security Risk.** Masterminding the gig are **Fred** and **Judy Vermorel** (authors of the popular, controversial, popular, exciting, controversial and popular **Sex Pistols** paperback biography). Fred is co-writing the lyrics of some of the songs with Alex and Judy is ringing *T-Zers* up with statements along the lines of "The Clash are a bunch of clapped-out social workers" and worries about where the money from the gig will actually end up. Those not wishing to contribute to Sid's legal fees can find the Pussies and the Vermorels (try telling them apart) at Valentino Rooms in the Bedford Corner Hotel in Bailey Street, London (a well-known city near the *NME* offices) ...

Insults and injuries: tall, saturnine **Paul Morley** wins this week's **Emma Ruth** Award for slagging off bands who didn't actually perform, following his destruct job on **The Movies** in last week's coverage of The Great British Music Festival at Wembley. On behalf of The Movies, **Michael Willis** of Star Artistes Management fired off the following missive to our beleaguered *MNE* Ballsup Desk: "I was amazed by the way he simply slagged off each act in turn from **Nick Van Eede** to **David Essex.** If this is the way Paul Morley reviews quite frankly he should be out of a job and working behind a bar at a rock venue as opposed to watching and constructively reviewing acts. I manage The Movies and I was absolutely dismayed to read his review of The Movies in the same article. They did not perform at the Great British Music Festival which makes a complete mockery of the *NME* review. Did Paul Morley even go to the gig? If he did I presume he was in the bar". Paul ("Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine") Morley offered no coherent excuse for his action, but swore drunk that he wasn't blind. *(Make that "swore blind he wasn't drunk", will you — Ed)* ...

A little learning is a dangerous thing: **Ringo Starr** (older readers will remember him from **The Beatles,** a load of duff movies and an extensive history of heavy-duty ligging) has been ordered by a Hollywood court to spend two nights a week at a night school in traffic, learning about the American Highway Code, traffic signals and (on account of he drove through three red ones when they pulled him) the workings and significance of American traffic lights. Keep both eyes on the road, Starkey ...

Offing the pig: since it's fairly well-known that Rastafarians consider pork unfit to eat, it came as a surprise to some people when **Front Line** decided to advertise their new sampler album with a press ad whose main pictorial device was a pig divided up butcher-style. Red faces were seen glowing all over London before someone pulled the plug out in time to stop the ad appearing in *Music Week* and the rock weeklies ...

R-e-s-p-e-c-t-a-b-l-e: while **Alice Cooper** gets elected to the ultra-conservative Rotary International for his contribution to the Hollywood Sign project, a 14-year-old Baltimore kid is in hospital requiring extensive skin grafts after trying to copy **Kiss** Kreep **Gene Simmons'** fire-breathining stunt, while Japan (the country, not the band) gets ready to relax its ban on **The Rolling Stones** (the band, not the country) after several years of worry about the band's lifestyle; nothing like a good court case to clear the air, eh **Keef?** What d'you reckon, **Sid?** Oh well ...

A Parliafundadelicmentin-thehousesofparlimentthang: **George Clinton** and all his multifarious pals had a reception laid on for them at no less a venue that the Mother (ship connection) of Parliaments itself, yerractual Houses Of Parliament. It seems that someone in a record company press office had a father who knew an MP who agreed to sponsor the event provided that it wasn't for (shock horror wait a second we think we did see a nipple in the *Daily Express)* a *punk rock band.* Little did he expect that his charges would be a whole monstrous regiment of plack people dressed up funny and prone to the occasional less than sedate utterance. George Clinton himself arrived looking absolutely *stunning,* sweethearts, albeit somewhat frazzled after a five-hour show in Manchester the previous night, and introduced the assembled congregation to his pet dachshund Logic before demanding his prune juice (everybody whose really hip to the trip knows George is heavy into prune juice, but it seems the HofP don't qualify). We here at *T-Zerz* suggest that prune juice should always be on the menu at the Mother of Parliaments etc etc ...

And a straight-up honest-to-murgatroyd happy event: **Steve Clarke's** lovely wife **Kim** gave birth to an infant son last week. As yet unnamed (though we're betting on "Eric") the sprog is doing splendidly, as are the parents. This is what we call "real journalism"...

Back to the sleaze: **Tom Waits** is performing the title song for a low-budget movie to be called *Skid Row* (we say it's type casting and we say the hell with it) by his near-namesake **Ralph Waite** (of *Waltons* infamy, we still say it's type casting) ...

Social living: a party / wake was held for **Charlie Gillet's** *Honky Tonk* radio show at the 100 Club at the weekend, with **The Young Bucks** playing and **Chas & Dave, Lene Lovich, Danny Adler** et al ligging. Laid-back Charlie *lui-meme* was dragged up on stage for a speech, and hastily introduced **Stuart Colman** who'll be taking over the old *Honky Tonk* timeslot in the New Year with a new show ...

Listeners to import copies of the new **Dylan** double live album will not be surprised to hear that Bashful Bob consulted a hypnotist to calm his nerves on his world tour earlier this year ...

Camden Town's Electric Ballroom was visited by representatives of the GLC on Friday night complaining about excessive volume and demanding additional soundproofing or else. The exact outcome of this latest GLC strike against rock and roll in the capital is still in doubt, but the GLC made their point: they certainly don't like rock music. At this stage in the game, neither do we. Horrid stuff. Ban it all. See you for the tinselled turkey next week ...

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	PIL	5
2	Clash Police	3
3	Smirks against Travolta	6
4	Buzzcocks	9
5	The Jam	4
6	Love	1
7	Bites	2
9	999	—
10	X Ray Spex	—

New Releases

30p Drunk Punk

25p Tapper '76, African Herbsman, What you see it what you are, Gen X45, Rock against Xmas, Merry Wanna.

20p (I want) more rope, Sham 69, Cabaret Voltaire, Prag-Vec, Lightning Raiders, Pink Fairies Love, The Doomed, Spizz Oil, Germ Free, Kraftwerk, Tony Parsons, Julie Burchill.

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Iggy

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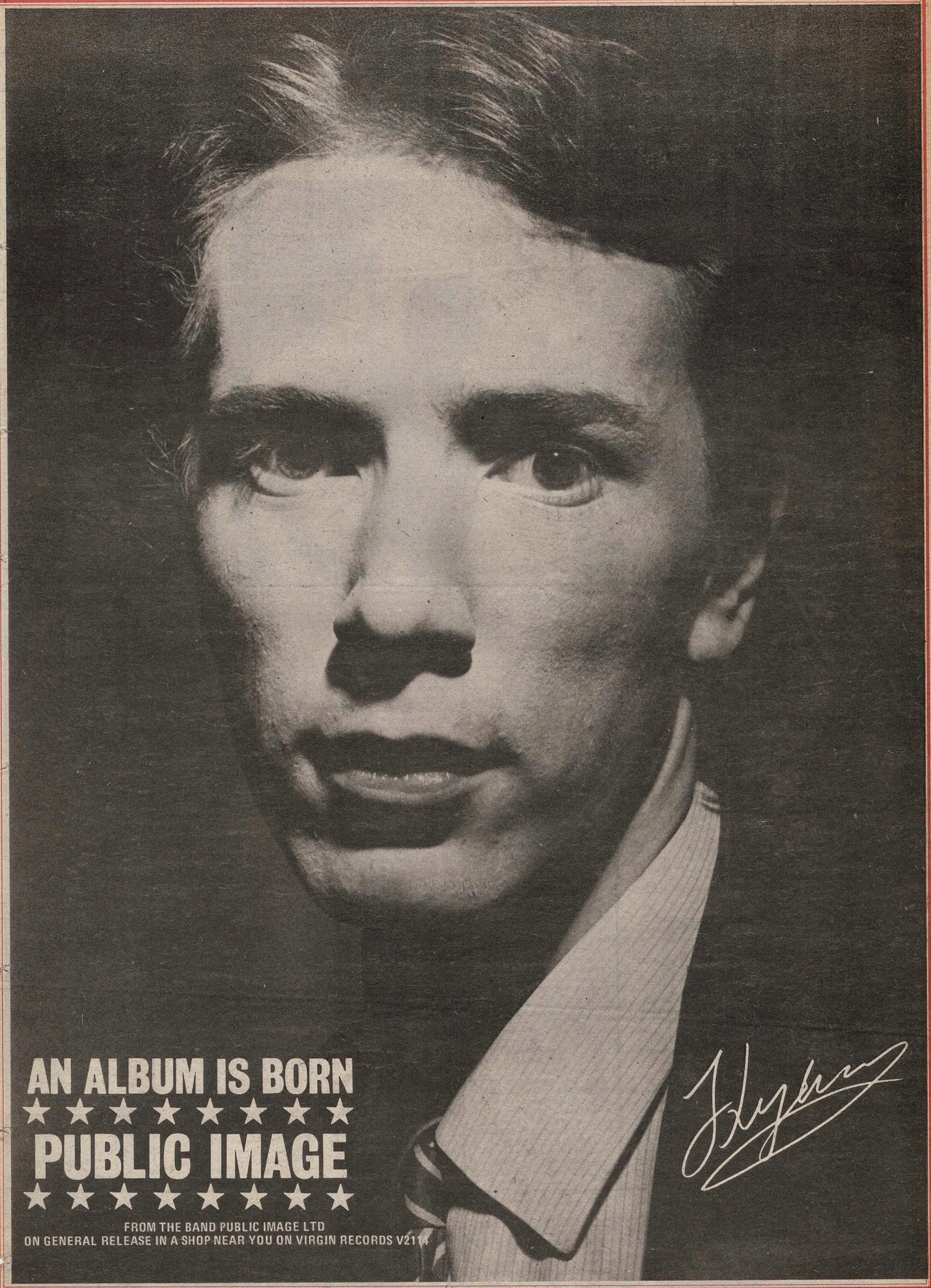
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